

Note on *From Antwerp to Capri*

Esther Tiffany, the Artist, was a member of the Cambridge Plant Club, founded January 28, 1889. She lived on Hilliard Street in Cambridge.

Jane Newell (1857–1945), the Pioneer, was a charter member of the Cambridge Plant Club. She lived at 175 Brattle Street.

For more on the Cambridge Plant Club, see Annette LaMond, “What’s in a Name?’ or ‘Is This the First Garden Club?’” in *A City’s Life and Times: Cambridge in the Twentieth Century*, edited by Daphne Abeel (Cambridge Historical Society, 2007)

For questions about the Cambridge Plant Club and its early members, contact the club’s historian, Annette LaMond (annettelamond@gmail.com).

MISS MARY A. TIFFANY
682 FAIRMOUNT AVENUE
SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

The Enthusiast,	Rev. Francis Tiffany
The Extraneous	Mrs. Tiffany
Polly	Mary Tiffany
The Artist	Leather Tiffany
The Pioneer	Fannie Rewell
The Archaeologist	Mr. Rewell

From

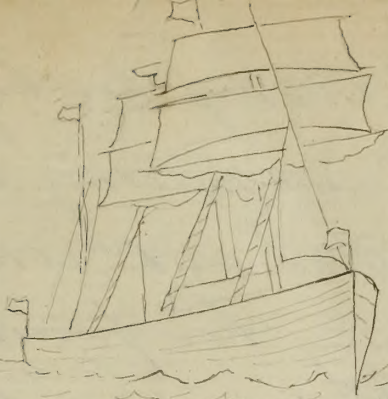


Antwerp

to

Copri.





It must in the first place be understood that the Enthusiast had no desire to go abroad. Traveling did not interest him. Pictures, Cathedrals, snow-peaks, grapes of Sicily, cheese of Parma, had for him no charm. If his wife and daughters would set their hearts upon going, why let them go; for his part he merely prayed to be allowed to sit quietly at home, toasting his shippers on his own familiar fender. But wife and daughters, as is the wont of wife and daughters, remained firm, and their numbers being further-more increased by the active energy of the Pioneer, there was nothing for the Enthusiast but to haul down his colors and beat a retreat to the next steamer. Missing love's company and it was pleasant for the Enthusiast to find on the Rhynland, as she lay at the wharf, his friend the Doctor, the Bride and thirty-two frogs, all bound to foreign parts.

Arrived at Antwerp, the party all set about enjoying itself, each in his own way. The Doctor being hovering distractedly between his frogs and his bride, the Bride herself by polishing up her French, the Chaperone

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by calling up mental pictures of her boys at home going a-
bout with ragged cuffs and missing shirt-buttons; Told
by beginning every sentence with "When I was abroad before
our artist by sharpening her pencil, the Enthusiast
by admitting that Ruben's reds had not faded quite
as badly as he feared they would have done, and the
Pioneer - but the Pioneer must have a paragraph to
herself. Though rather new to pictures, this small person
began blazing her way through the mazes of art in a manner
worthy of Leathen. Stocking himself, taking her bearings
from salient points, a rich patch of red here, a mass of shade
or a striking group there, and leaving far out of sight
our fellow traveler. Mr. Arbutnot, who was continually
going off on a wrong scent and getting himself hopelessly
lost. It was with some alarm that we saw this gentleman
pale but determined on his way to another collection, but
the next day our fears were relieved by meeting him in the
comparatively open grounds of the Maison Plautin, and
learning that with Baedeker's help he got through with
safety. Of course we aired our French in the stores, and
prided ourselves in the railroad station that we knew Flemish
because we could read the admonition "Het is verboden
Pakken op de banken te leggen".

As the Pioneer's brother, the Archaeologist, had

not yet joined our party, we thought it best not to
make up our minds, concerning the architecture of Ant-
werp fearing our criticisms might be crude.

A day or two after our arrival we left frogs and
all, for Cologne.

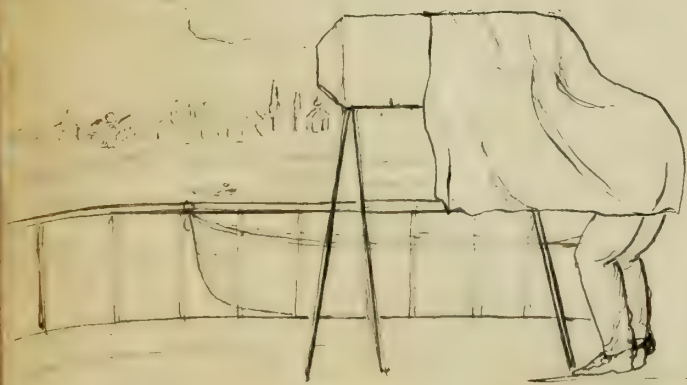


Down the Rhine.

Nothing of importance occurred on the way, save that
the Bride, who has an artistic turn, screamed with
delight every time she saw a windmill and wanted the
Doctor to do the same. He was most obliging at first,
but finally
quieted down. Then the Bride
gave him a
poke whenever
they came to
one, and he was
obliged to wrap
himself in all
the cloaks, shawls
and overcoats of
the party as a
protection. Arrived
at Cologne the
Doctor wanted
to take care of
his frogs, but
the Enthusiast
remorselessly
carried him off to look up a missing trunk. Polly was
left to mount guard over the frogs, and when the gentlemen
came back they found her in the midst of a group of
rictated Germans, explaining to them that the box did
not contain a boa-constrictor or an infernal machine.
At the hotel, the Doctor left his pets in the hall, and

the waiter, after looking through a little hole and vainly trying to discover what they were, asked whether he should take the "trunk of birds" up to the gentleman's room. The next day, every one but the Doctor, spent the whole time in a sort of rapture in the Cathedral, and the enthusiast finally was obliged to drag the young ladies of the party away, promising them they should go to mass at five the next morning. The Doctor meanwhile had been devoting himself to writing in German to the head of the Zoological garden to see whether he would take the few surviving frogs as boarders. He brought the letter to the enthusiast for correction. It began, "Lieber Herr, Willst du die Güte haben?" &c.

On the Rhine we were in a state of ecstasy. We spent the whole day looking at the scenery and the other passengers spent all their time looking at us. The Doctor tried to take photographs and was pinned under his wife's gooseberry watching for hours together. We thought he must have missed some of the scenery, but he was most enthusiastic in his praise at the end of the day, and concluded we were mistaken.

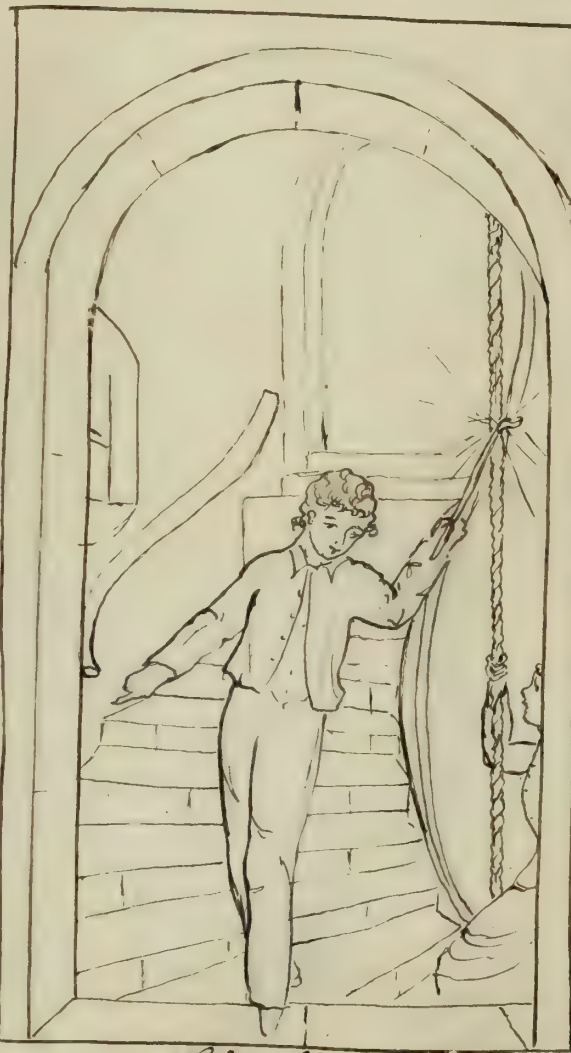


The Dr. viewing the Rhine.



Polly mounting guard.

Just before the left Oberment on the Rhine, there came a telegram from the Doctor crunched in his usual subdued & classical language. "Come to Hotel Ritter, brilliant place ever was!" Now, it will be remembered that the Doctor & his Bride had gone ahead & promised to beat up quarters for us. So, to the Ritter we resolved to go. As the train whizzed along across the beautiful Baden plain, all were in high spirits. The Artist looked out longingly toward Weinheim where she had once been at school, the Pioneer vowed she would soon know every underground passage in the old castle as well as a chipmunk knows his hole, Polly cried Now we will walk to Kohlhaus & eat rye-bread an inch thick with butter, while the Enthusiast threw his arms round his wife & called her *Das liebes, schöne, unerschrockenes Vögelchen*, - stuff too silly to translate into English. So faced it with us till, on arriving at the Ritter, out rushed the bride exclaiming in frantic delight, "Oh such a duck of a place, winding cork screw stone-staircase 500 years old & not a word of English spoken. Got rooms for 2 on 40 ft square & all painted & preserved just as they were when the great lords & ladies lived in the house." At the entrance we were helped by a beautiful boy with blond locks & the bluest of eyes, & the more carpet-bags, shawls, coats, bundles & guide-books we heaped on him, the happier he looked. Ah! sighed Polly, if only he were older. Ah! rejoined the Pioneer, if only I were younger. In the picture opposite is seen how charming he appeared when he lighted any of the ladies up the break-neck staircase, & in this special instance, pleaded with the Pioneer who wanted to display her muscular strength by climbing up the cow-hide rope, hand over hand. It was on this occasion that said damsel confided to Siegfried that she wanted to telegraph to her brother, the Archaeologist, whereupon he entered with a jerk into the proceeding. That was only later as planned.



Now this archaeologist of a brother had given only the dimmest conception of his whereabouts. He might be in Wales, in London, at Hawick, at Abingdon, at Cologne, - all which increased the difficulty of telegraphing. "I don't care, I'll hew my way through the brambles & brushwood of this mystery, though I were in the Mann woods," cried resolutely the Pioneer. Where she went to where she did not go for two whole days, it would puzzle a detective to find spot. The Enthusiast came across her once at the railroad station, despatching men and libitum through every arriving train to cry out the name of her missing brother. Around her were a crowd of officials, spluttering, guttering & straining their ears to make out her imperfect German. *Macht Nichts, Ich habe ihn, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish!* "Wunderbarer Menschchen, schöne Amerikanerin," shouted the big-bearded fellows, & all did their best to help her. As for telegrams, they darted like shuttles, north, south, east,

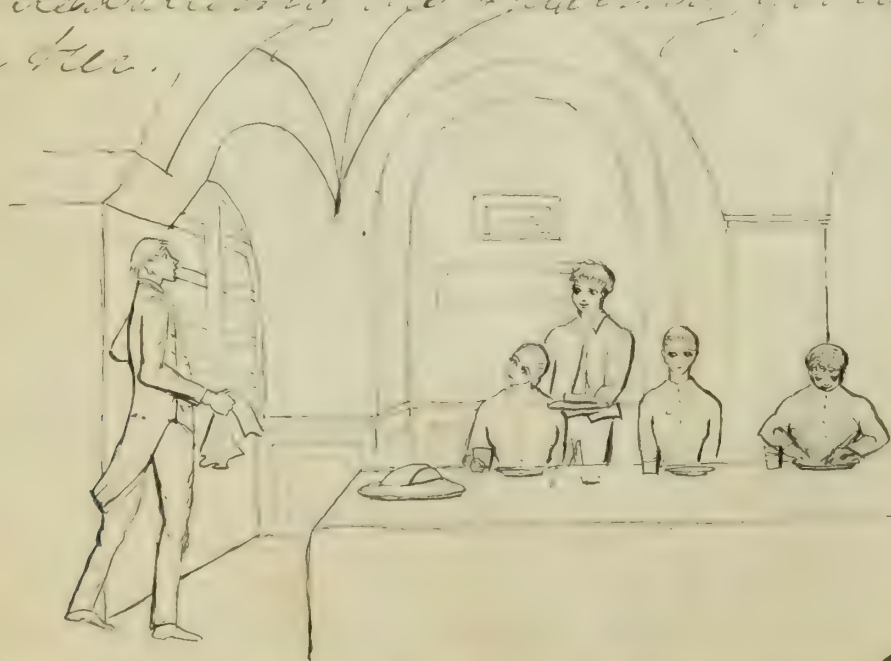
Siegfried.

west, all over Europe, till the newspaper reporters began to surmise that France, England, Belgium & Germany were on the eve of war. As for money, the Pioneer poured it out like water, & Siegfried became more & more convinced that no *liebes, hütchen* from him would tear round so wildly for 40,000 more brothers.

But the Enthusiast, pained, desirous to continue some other time. The party waited patiently for some months but not a word would the Enthusiast say.



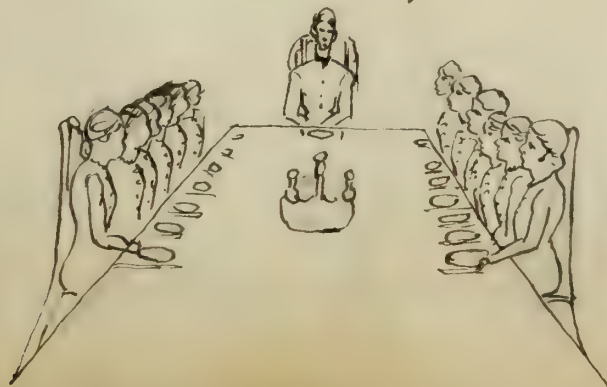
Polly was obliged to fill up the map to spare the
 anxious reader the fear that the Prince might still
 be running, or Duke distractedly searching for a
 lost brother. One afternoon the latter was putting a letter
 into a box at the post office, telegraph
 office and station when there was a knock at the door.
 "Who is it?" said the Prince and he walked the Duke
 almost closely followed by him, but who would not
 have missed seeing the waiting for a mile each
 of horse etc.



Heiner. Ist die Hand gemälder oder stellen eine Kränzte Schachtel vor.
 Pinner. Wie alt sind sie?
 Heiner. Ist die Hand gemälder oder stellen eine Kränzte Schachtel vor.
 Pinner. Wie alt sind sie?
 Heiner. Ist die Hand gemälder oder stellen eine Kränzte Schachtel vor.
 Pinner. Wie alt sind sie?

The Chaperone had her own troubles. She never saw the Pioneer and Polly set off for an independent ramble through a foreign city, but she felt the greatest anxiety as to their ever appearing again. "My dear", she would say to the Enthusiast, "don't you think it a great risk, letting these girls walk about in a strange city without escort?" To which the Enthusiast would coolly reply - "Not at all. The Pioneer knows every trail by instinct, and always carries her little hatchet to blaze a stone wall here or there so she is sure to find her way back."

But it was at Brunnen on Lake Lucerne when the Chaperone's troubles really began, though, not on the girls' account this time. It was here we met the widow and her daughter. They sat next the Chaperone at table and then came the row of stout English girls, who sat straight and stiff never speaking one word, with their duenna at the top, and next the Pioneer sat the smiling German Fraulein who whispered to her, ^{in regard to the surpassing beauty of} "I cannot suffer it." The trouble ~~the~~ Chaperone had to encounter here all came from the glowing account the Enthusiast gave to the widow of the charming route over the St. Gothard.



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and when we afterwards met the widow at ^{the} "Fluellen" hotel
whither we had gone to inquire about the route over the St.
Gothard, she met us like an old friend, and was most
interested to learn all particulars. And then the Enthusiast
told her with charming simplicity how the Archaeologist
his sister were not going with us, but proposed taking
our tour through Switzerland first, and then we had engaged a coach
that would hold six though there were but four of us.

"Only four of you?" exclaimed the widow with warm
interest. "Yes, just four," replied the Enthusiast quite
oblivious of the significant shake of the head ^{the Chapereau} gave him
and continuing to expatiate in glowing terms on the de-
lights of crossing the Pass in an open carriage instead
of being shut up in a close car and driving constantly
into dark tunnels just as the most beautiful point
of view was reached. The widow's eyes brightened with
sympathetic enthusiasm as he spoke, and the simpering
daughter lisped out in a languid way. "One has always
longed to go over a Pass but have never been able to do so."
"No," sighed the widow. "It is not easy for two lone
women to get about the world."

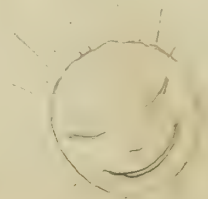
At this, the Enthusiast seemed himself to take
the alarm and suddenly discovered it was time to take the
boat back to Brunnen, and when on their return, the
Chapereau painted in lively colors the picture of the

widow and her daughter occupying the two extra seats in our carriage over the Pass he was quite subdued, and did not speak for ten minutes.

And the Hapernes' prophetic soul was not deceived. The next day we set off again for Fliethen, the Archaeologist and the Pioneer also, having abandoned their plan of traveling alone through Switzerland - and the first persons we saw on arriving were the widow and daughter who were staying at the hotel where we were to pass the night. How delighted they were to see us! How hospitably they did the honors of the house, and how the daughter would insist on carrying all ~~our~~ ^{our} craps!

We had enjoyed a good supper in our inn, having despatched six large omelettes besides other things, when the Enthusiast entered the room with an anxious and perplexed countenance, saying, "What do you think? The widow has just asked for an interview, and then made the astounding request - that I should find out from the host the ^{charge for} price of a two seated vehicle over the Pass - to follow behind ours, and, would I mind, just saying that she was one of the party!" It would make the terms easier! A shower of exclamations of horror and groans of despair followed this announcement, and the Hapernes with great difficulty restrained herself from saying, "I told you so," but refrained when she saw how crest fallen he looked. "I don't see how I can meet her now" he said. It will be very hard refuse so simple a request, and then she is a poor lonely woman, and it is really very hard for her."

At such symptoms of weakness, displaying themselves on
 the part of the Enthusiast, after he was supposed to
 be thoroughly repentant for the dilemma into which he
 had brought the party, all rose and declared with one
 voice that no compromise ~~could~~ be made. The widow
 as an annex over the St. Gothard was a thing not to be
 thought of for a moment. At this juncture it was the
 Archaeologist that proved himself a friend in need and
 seeing the defeated state of the Enthusiast proposed to
 spare him the trial of the conflict and by a little
 diplomacy ~~sick~~ to extricate the party from their trying
 situation. He accordingly went straight to the landlady and
 asked him on a general way what was the charge for a two
 seated Pin-spanner over the top. Mine host named a
 good round sum, and then our wily Archaeologist presented
 himself to the widow and apologizing for the Enthusiast's
 non-appearance on the ground that he was tired, and
 tired he certainly was at this time - stated the amount named
 by the inn-keeper which so completely amazed the
 widow that she at once announced with decision her
 determination to take the train. After this the Enthusiast
 was taken into favor again and the whole party recovered
 its cheerfulness.





The widow being ~~disposed~~ of, the Chaperone began to breathe freely once more. She little knew what dangers lay ahead. There were nothing but smiles however, when bright and early the next morning, the party piled into their coach and boded off over the smooth road towards the Pass. The Enthusiast, who had by this time, entirely thrown off the mask of indifference, was in the highest spirits and was pleased with everything, from the distant snow-peaks to the rail-road track, for which the ladies have nothing but scorn. Not even the cupidity of the greedy inhabitants near the Pfaffen Spring seemed to dampen his spirits, and when the party alighted on the bridge to gaze down into the cañon the Swiss had hollowed out for itself, he had nothing but smiles, ^{for the little innocents} who kept bringing stones as large as their heads, and at a penny a piece to drop down and awaken the echoes with.

On we went, and up we went, until finally Joseph,
with many cracks of his whip drew up before the
Meyershof at Hospenthal. We had had some rain du-
ring the day, and Joseph had rendered the Chaperone
very unhappy by walking on the extreme edge of every
precipice we came to, still, nevertheless, the day had
been a great success. The next morning saw us again
on our way. Some distance ahead of us was a morning
black speck, which as we coiled up, grew larger and
more distinct. Polly put on her glasses to look at it,
"A Harvard student," she remarked after a prolonged
inspection. "Did you just find that out, asked the
sinner?" Then, musingly, it is strange how you can
always tell a Harvard man. Now he has Harvard
written on him from head to foot." The Enthusiast
looked puzzled, "But what makes you so sure," he asked
mildly. "How do you know?" The girls threw up their
hands. "How do we know? How can we keep knowing?"
We should recognize him as a Harvard man if we
met him on the Wall of China. But there, do you
see, the Archaeologist has caught up and is walk-
ing with him."

It was at about this juncture that the Pioneer remem-
bered she was a botanist. "What a splendid spot
for specimens," she broke out enthusiastically, and
in a twinkling had jumped out of the carriage.
Didn't it? or claimed Polly with equal enthusiasm, and
jumping out on her side. "Wait, and I'll help you
hunt for them". Now as she was somewhat near-sighted
and could not, except at the closest quarters tell a
dandelion from a buttercup, this was kind of Polly.
To the chaperone and the artist this appeared the last
place in the world for specimens, but they knew nothing
of botany. It soon appeared also that Polly and the
Pioneer had come round to the same opinion, for the next
thing the Chaperone saw were the two girls walking,
one on each side of the Harvard Student. She had
hardly recovered
Polly ran up to
going to make a
sit a lake not far
away, he isn't after
all but a German
splendid practice for
meet you at the Har-
Chaperone might had

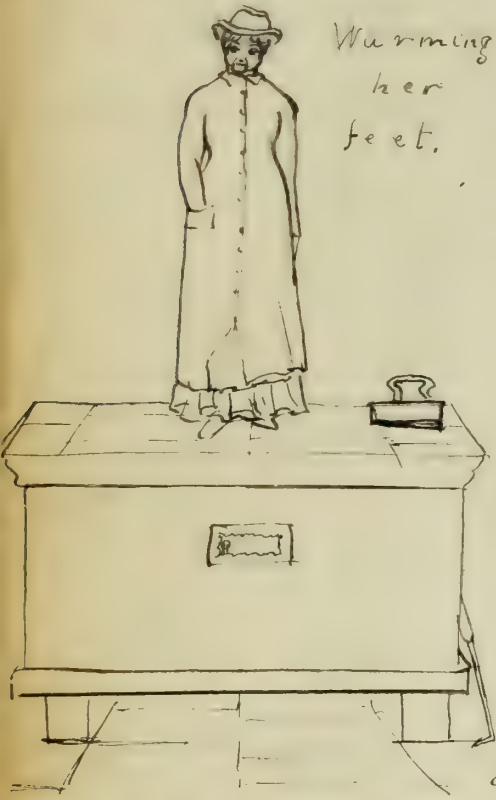


from this when
her with, "There are
little things to pick
off - O, and by the
way Student after
officer, and it's such
our German. Well
piece. And the
time to warn the

Specimens

Enthusiast by a glance to follow, when the whole party disappeared behind a boulder.

At the Hospice, the Chaperone and ~~the~~ artist amused themselves alternately sketching and standing on the stove to warm their feet, until the others came along.



It was here we first had a chance to try our Italian and Polly was at first delighted by actually getting a glass of milk when she had asked for latte, and then cast down on finding it was warm though she had distinctly said "calda". But the latte was not sufficiently after such a walk, and soon the party, Herr Lieutenant included found itself seated down to some smoking soup.

The Enthusiast tried a spoonful with disastrous consequences. "This would be too hot for the Devil himself," he said, and on account of his burnt tongue, we must forgive him the remark.

"If he cannot," returned the Pioneer, taking down a spoonful with great relish, "I can."

"The Herr Lieutenant will have a bad opinion of you if you can do what his majesty cannot."

"On the contrary," returned the officer with his most charming smile, "I have already conceived the highest opinion of the Fräulein in every respect."

For some na-
chaperone kept
Pioneer in the
down the Pass.
stopped for me.



son or other; the
Polly and the
carriage going
At Airolo we
freshments and

Tenfel's supper.

were joined again before leaving by the Herr Lieutenant. He
had thought of us on the way down. For Polly he had brought
a piece of silver quartz, for our artist a bit of ore, for the
Pioneer specimens. These were parting gifts, for though he
was to call on us in America, yet it was poor alas ne-
cessary to say "Auf Wiedersehen."

It is my evident that the foregoing
account was written by a member of the party
who solaced herself by a little spite for the fact
that she herself could not walk up the Pass.

We arrived at Airolo where we spent two
or three delightful days in the Hotel de l'Ange,
worthy of the name. High on the table-land above
the valley lies the charming little village of
Dalpe, to which we made two delightful excursions,
the second that the Enthusiast might share our
pleasure in our discovery. After mounting about
two hours through the woods we came out on
a view that would fill with pleasure hearts
less easily delighted than ours. The valley of

the Ticino lay smiling below us, shut in by hills dotted with villages among the bright larches and dark pines. By our side tumbled the little river which with two superb leaps below made our charming waterfall; a table-land of green meadow stretched before us, with the stuple and stone roofs of Dalpe on the other side of a picturesque old bridge.

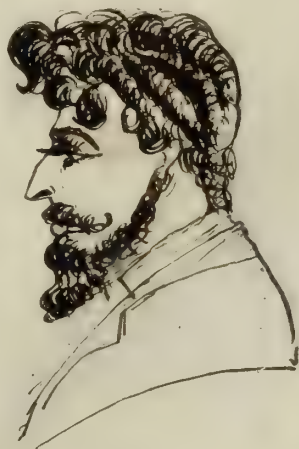
The Archaeologist had brought a ^{very ugly} doll in his pocket to present to a beautiful little Camilla whom we had admired the day before and the presentation was a sight to be remembered. She took it silently and straightway forgot the giver in the gift, but sat motionless her sweet Madonna face beaming with the first ecstasy of motherhood. Her happiness was too deep, too perfect for any expressions of delight. Alas! our Artist was not there.

From Aido we drove to Biasca where we spent the night and had the worst and most expensive breakfast on record, served so late that we were obliged to rush for the train. The Enthusiast gathered courage to refuse a fee to the waiter from the shining example of a young countryman in spectacles who was engineering a party of three older ladies through the perils of European travel with a spirit and dash only possible to an American of our age.



This young woman was a terror indeed to recreant waiters. At Biasca she dashed into the kitchen and bore off her long-expected beef-steak to the confusion of the waiters and amazement of the whole household. Fortified by this ally the Enthusiast remained firm and were marked a pleasant journey with all the cutting irony of politeness by the disappointed waiter.

At Bellagio we had the pleasure of meeting a compatriot who had spent five years in Italy apparently for the ^{missionary} ~~sole~~ purpose of introducing stores and erect corn, for he considered it the most uncomfortable country in the world and lost no opportunity to indulge in invectives against everything Italian. "An Italian is a pig" he remarked with disregard of a long-haired son of Italy to him at the Our Artist by much taken with of this man who looks with a



a charming the fact that artistic-looking sat opposite table d'hôte. the man, was the appearance flung back his gesture which.

she was sure, betokened a great musical genius. Alas for romance! Polly discovered that he sold mowing machines but we kept the knowledge from Our Artist as the shock might have been too much for her delicate disposition. Apparently he did not understand English for his gentle melancholy remained unchanged during all the tirades of our country-man, who marked that American missionary

might be sent to Europe instead of Africa.

We saw him one day sketching on the quay and the Enthusiast asked him at dinner if he sketched a great deal.

"For forty years" he replied impressively. "In what?" "Pencil, charcoal, crayon, pastel, water-color, oil, it is all one to me," replied he with a gesture of superb disdain. "And you?" we asked his wife. "Oh, a very little", she said, impatiently - from which we drew a shrewd estimate of their comparative talent.

One day Polly, looking out of the window for comfort during a pouring rain sprang back suddenly with an exclamation of horror, "it is, it is the Widow!" We might possibly have concealed our vicinity by dodging behind the pillars of the arcade during the remainder of our stay had not the Enthusiast, walking alone and unprotected, encountered her. His simple and sympathetic nature touched by her pathetic tale of extortion at the Grand Hotel, he drew a glowing picture of our pension. The next day, smiling and cordial she and her daughter beamed across the table at us. Soon it appeared that they also were to spend the winter in Florence. After this there was nothing for it but to fly and one morning, after a hasty, early breakfast we left secretly for Verona.

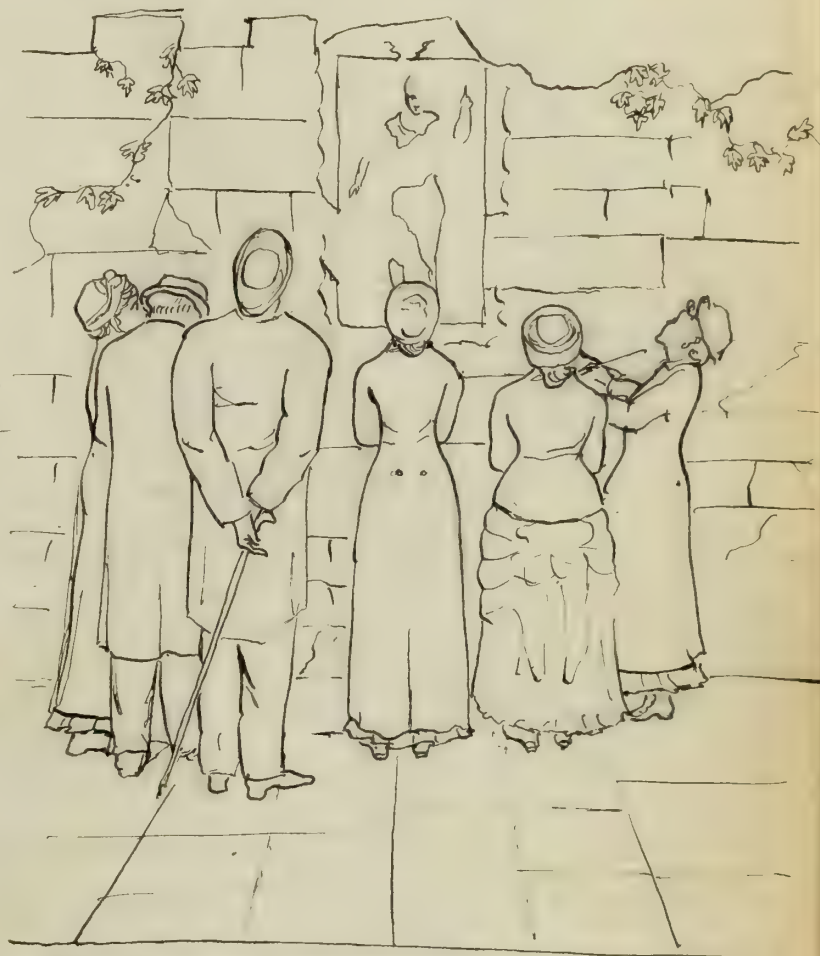


Early Birds.

Venice.

At Ferrara and Vicenza we ransacked every nook and corner, and learned to gaze for hours, spell-bound, before any battered portal with headless and legless figures, for we knew by that, it must be thirteenth century work.

Anything that was not heavily mutilated we kicked by with a snuff of contempt and even the slightest remark on the bastard Renaissance. It was a great comfort to have learned so much, in these places so little frequented by tourists, for we could vaunt our knowledge in Venice and crush our ignorant companions who admired Palladio and San Michel.



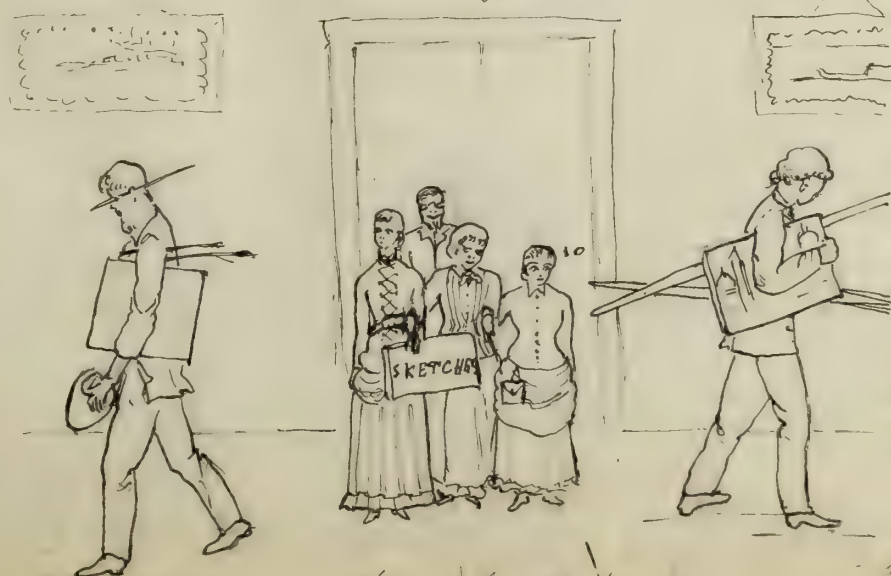
Che bello!

But first we felt obliged to consider the needs of the body and very truly did we succeed at Hotel Luna. After dining there we concluded that if Silvio Pellico ever did take a meal there (as the inscription on the front of the house gave us to understand) it must have been after his long prison fare, where he could surely be expected to be discriminating. Still food is not everything.

and we tried to think we liked our dark little rooms
with a view of a dingy, dirty court and the queer
odor of soap and cheese in the passages. The next
morning, however, the Chaperone and Polly appeared
at the breakfast table with most determined counte-
nances. "My dear," said the Enthusiast, "this is a
fine morning to devote to the pictures at the Aca-
demy". The Chaperone replied by showing him
a list of pensions a yard long. "We must look
up every one of these first," she said. He turned
to Polly for comfort. She was equally firm. "But
think of, Antonio, Titian, Bellini!" he said, "Think
of St. Marks, the Doge's Palace, the Grand Canal!
They were not to be moved, and dragged the poor
man all the morning through one dark alley
after the other, getting hopelessly lost three times
every ten minutes and expending all their change
on guides. The Enthusiast was hardly worthy of
the name and they thought of calling him Reig-
nation, in future. Finally all the places but
one had been visited and none would quit. The
Enthusiast mildly suggested that they should
go to the Lido in a gondola after lunch and
begin the hunt again the next morning. He
was not listened to, and in the afternoon the
whole party, called out with renewed energy.
No one in Venice seemed to have heard of Casa
Turk, and they were going to give up in

despair when they at last found a man who
 rented it out. Certainly the view from the windows
 must be fine, with San Giorgio across the lagoon,
 and the Salute, the Doge's Palace and St. Marks
 Campanile in sight, but the view of the house
 with a wine shop and a ^{establishment on the ground floor} coppers, was not pre-
 posing. Still we ventured in, and were so charmed
 with the pretty parlor that we were ready to strike
 a bargain at once. It was difficult to manage
 with the extraordinary German of the Padrona, and
 the broken English of the niece Nina, but finally
 all was settled, and when we had moved into our
 new quarters we breathed a sigh of relief and
 began the important business of sight-seeing.
 One thing troubled us. We found that the house
 was filled with artists and had visions of kindred
 souls who would sympathize in our tastes. We
 were never more mistaken. Artists consider tri-
 umphs intolerable foes, who ought to stop at home
 and so whenever we came into the room they
 walked out of it, preferring to breakfast in the
 passage,

in the
 kitchen,
 anywhere
 but with
 us. It
 made us
 feel very
 guilty.



and if there
 had been
 a steamer
 direct from
 Venice to
 New York
 we should
 certainly
 have taken
 it.

Casa-Rischi Artists.

The Pioneer, having had some little experience of Tence streets laughed quietly in her sleeve when the Enthusiast one day started boldly from the Academy for the church of the Friars, saying with a confident wave of his hand, "I know the general direction." It was his first long walk on the city and he remarked to his wife, with intense satisfaction as the three strolled along a sunny Fondamenta, "How charming this is! Are you not glad we walked instead of going in the boat?" After passing a half dozen churches in a few minutes' stroll, the Pioneer observed a shade settling down upon the countenance of the Enthusiast. He was not exactly sure of his whereabouts he remarked, and thought it would be better to ask. To ask was no easy matter, to understand the answer an other thing, but after much trouble the name of the neighbouring church was obtained and the faithful paddler comforted. The Enthusiast would gladly have kept the resulting knowledge to himself but, unfortunately, the Pioneer had a habit, which many times reduced the Archaeologist to a state of frenzy, of carrying her own little red book with her and consulting it on all occasions. The fact was obtained that we were considerably farther from our destination than when we started. Undaunted, however, we set forth anew, and guided or pursued by various means, till the welcome Campanile rose up before us. But in Tence you cannot reach a place by knowing where it is, and finally, an expedition of Frank de Kitch settled down upon the countenance of the Archaeologist's Enthusiast. And now, like a flock of crows, who have

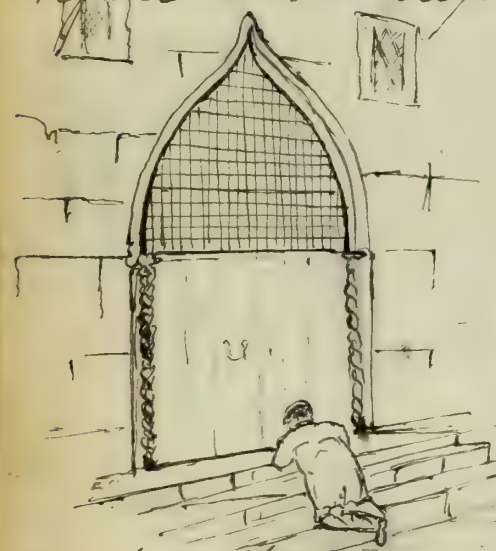
scouted their prey, down enveloped a flock of the auditing citizens of Venice. Their polite offers of help were steadily declined by the Conjuror, who marched in the wrong direction, leaving his wife surrounded by the oncoming. Finally, perhaps by the direct intervention of some saint, the Rector with their escort arrived at the back of the church and sat down upbraided on the steps. The hours finding that neither concealment cartwheels, cries of "Nien, Soldo, Nien!" had any effect, formed a circle and sang. The traveller in Italy can alone appreciate what that means. They fled precipitately into the church.



Nien, Soldo!

After having frightened among the artists we had been lunch pretty much to ourselves. Our only companion at the table was a Danish ex-captain who wore a wig and who quite won the hearts of the ladies by stating that the wife ought to be the head of the house, though she must so manage as to make the husband think he was.

About this time it was that the St. Mark's fever seized upon the party. If it were a pleasant day, how better use it than by visiting St. Mark's? If it were rainy, what more cheerful place, with its golden mosaics than St. Mark's? If it were cold, St. Mark's was the warmest place in Venice. If it were hot, St. Mark's was the coolest. Morning, sunset, moonlight, even, it is reported, ^{evening} were all tried on St. Mark's and still the party could not get enough. When not in St. Mark's the Archaeologist might always be found in the narrowest, gloomiest and dirtiest streets of Venice, now on his hands and knees before a doorstep, now craning his head



backwards to get a good view of a carved lintel, now in imminent danger of backing into a canal as he slowly retreated to place the proper distance between himself



and a precious thirteenth century portal. On coming home from these excursions he would invariably ask separately, and sadly each member of the party, "Why can't we do this kind of thing now?"

It may be that the Enthusiast had too trying recollections of the difficulty of finding the "general direction" in these side streets, or that he did not care to spend all his change on the youth of Venice,

whatever his reasons, his haunts were rather the picture galleries than the streets. It was now late autumn and the stone floors of the galleries grew daily more icy, but the colder they grew, the more ecstatic grew the enthusiast. This was a common sight when he went with the ladies to the Accademia.



Triumphant refutation of the statement that the office of the American consul is unnecessary.

Before Thanks giving.

Anna (a little confused) I went to the magazine, but he was not there. Where can I find him?

Consul. I did not understand the name of the young man.

Anna (Laughing and Flushing) No, no, he is molasses for the pudding that the American young lady will make for the pudding under the guidance of the Pioneer was a great success though at first as Anna said



it was cooked "up stairs but down not."

The Danish captain having left, we were obliged to entertain ourselves until Mr. Momby and Mr. Precept, two Methodist New England clergymen, appeared upon the scene. We did not always agree as the following conversation will show.

*Scene, supper table.
(Bottle of Chamotte between two superstitious Catholics. Bottle of muddy
Mr. Precept squirming water for the clergymen.)*

My esteemed friend Mr. Momby and myself are, as you know, but lately arrived from Sweden, where a portion of our time was spent in preambulating the halls of the world famed gallery. At one picture, it may be because it was given an apartment to itself, the crowd paused longest and we paused with the crowd. You all know the picture in question, possess perhaps a chromo of it at home.

Arch. (Hurriedly) No, no! Oh no, no!

Mr. P. (Unheeding) In the centre stands a Hebrew maiden, her babe in her arms, on one side, in a kneeling posture, you behold a so-called saint, a portrait as we are told of a common model, on the other, the representative of that most impious and degenerate line of potentates, a pope of Rome. If now I had with me a young person whose mind I wished to form, what impression would this picture make on him or her? What impression does it make on the world at large? What, in short,

does the Infant Madonna represent?

And. (Emphatically) The Christian religion.

Mr. P. (Calmly but scornfully) The Christian religion.

The Christian religion! Or a Hebrew maiden, a common model, and as I before remarked, a representative of earth's most impious and degenerate line of potentates, represent in your eyes the Christian religion.

Polly. But the Madonna and child, certainly, they do represent some of the most touching attributes of the Christian religion.

Mr. P. Why I have seen hundreds of such children.

Our Antel. That is just what makes it so human and beautiful.

Mr. P. But what reply shall I say to the young person whose mind I wish to form, concerning the other personages?

Centinel. Tell your young person if she dislikes them to overlook them. Tell her it was the usage of the age in which the painter lived, to mingle popes, kings, saints, madonnas, to annihilate, as it were, time and space.

Mr. P. I confess I fear my young person would find it very hard to overlook these personages so lightly, and to my mind, a New England temperance woman is a much more inspiring and soul stirring object.

(Dead silence.)

Cent. (warming up as he proceeds) How any

woman's figure could be more inspiring than the
Lutine Madonna I cannot conceive. I remember the
first time I saw the picture, I was a young man
then, the moment my eyes fell on those of that di-
vine mother and child I was riveted. How long I
gazed I do not know, but I went away almost dazed
and with a higher ideal than ever before of woman-
hood.

Mr. Thawly. Did it never occur to you, Mr. Enthusiast,
that it may have been your own religious and
poetical nature that threw the divine glances over
a picture painted by such very earthly hands?

Enth. I hardly think Raphael's greatness lies in my
eyes.

Mr. P. How do I think that anything divine could
come from the hands of a worldly trifler like
Raphael.

Enth. How is it with David? His poems are divine,
but you will hardly hold him up as a moral charac-
ter.

Mr. P. (all the minutes) I do not see the analogy.
David reformed and never again fell from grace.
Raphael and Michel Angelo were always falling.
Enth. (especially) Michel Angelo, why he was a
saint, a perfect one among a thousand.

Arch. (Breaking in) It is all very well talking
about Michel Angelo and Raphael, but after all
when you consider when they lived, fifteenth cen-
tury you know, you must not expect too much.

The time for real soul-felt earnest work was past. The age of retrogression ^{was} had set in, (I thank you for the Chianti, Fries Polly,) of bad manners, bad morals, bad taste had set in, and has gone on until we have finally reached this barren enormity, the nineteenth century.

Mr. Manly. The nineteenth century! The most glorious, Arch. How is it possible for a man, in these times of charms, to live a decent, honest life! Thorns and makehifts everywhere, no hand-work. The hinge on your door like every other hinge in the city, each pattern on your carpet the counterpart of another, no life no soul!

Mr. Manly. (Hotly) I cannot, Sir, agree with you. In the first place, I doubt, if you did not know beforehand, whether you could tell the difference between thirteenth century hand-work and nineteenth century machine-work.

(Indignant chorus of "Oh Mr. Manly!")

Mr. Manly. As to imitations, I have seen a chromo of the Nagydalen in Sweden which you could not tell from the original. (ominous silence)

Arch. Well, painting is not my specialty, but take architecture now, look at Venice, look at that most perfect of structures, the Doge's Palace, or go into one of the nearest back streets, where the precious thirteenth century has left its mark, and I defy you to find in all America any one object as worthy to look at as one of those battered

windows.

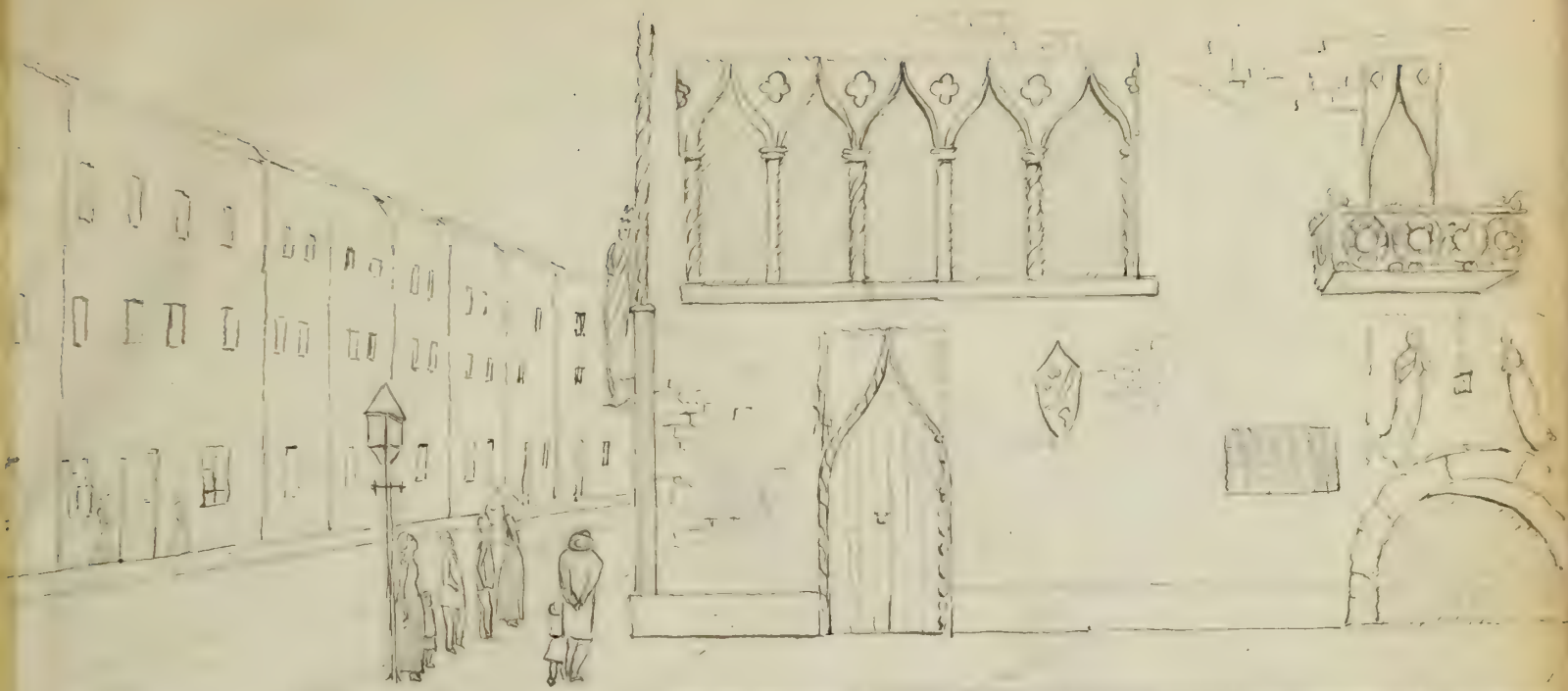
Mr. Manly. (hide himself) One building in America at least is equal to the Doge's Palace.

All. What?

Mr. Manly. The Boston post-office. (The Archaeologists jump, and leave the room.)



Fenian water-carriers



the archaeologist's prop. in the XIII

About this time the Archaeologist discovered a congenial friend, Signor B— and brought him to call on the ladies who received him with an enthusiasm which survived even the test of three hours and a half solid conversation.

After a few little visits of this kind the Chaperon began to remember with some anxiety the various stories she had heard of fascinating Italians but she was soon reassured by perceiving that the heart of our visitor was in the thirteenth century.

"Alessandro", he remarked of a friend, "Alessandro has a beautiful soul. He is not modern at all." And of the Sicilian bandits — "Alas, all those picturesque customs are passing away!"

Now the Pioneer and Polly were nice girls but they were nineteenth century from the crown of their heads to the sole of their feet and the Chaperon's mind was at ease.

Our friend was easily overcome by Dante and caused us to fear he might faint and Polly's murmur seemed about to produce the same impression, as you see.



The Archaeologist
(anxiously) Do
you think it
will be too much
for you? Just
say so if you
do.

In spite of the charms of the City of the Sea we began to wish now to get away and sighed for more worlds to conquer, having satisfied our thirst for Tintoret and Bellini, we longed for Raphael and Fra Angelico. Our peace had been rudely broken by the arrival of a Bohemian Prinzessin and her husband, a count.



Seine Erlaucht der Herr Reichsgraf von Hardegg,
Oberst. Erb-Land Mundschenk und Erb-Land Truchsess
erbliches Mitglied des Herrenhauses des Reichsrathes.

Finischie, mincher, zimmerer. Better höcster
men with their families, consisting of five
young counts and a little countess with two
sisters and the count's private hunter.

After Signor B's third touching Sasswell
we finally started for Florence.

Notes on the Manners and Customs of the Venetian People (by One of the Party)

The Sun. If the language it may be said that
guage of the path is Sauer. The result repays
the labor, for the thing over.

Thus far the members of the party have
succeeded in acquiring sufficient Italian to
distinguish themselves in encounters with shop-
keepers. It is a peculiarity of the latter that they
reduce one-third of the price for every gesture
who can pronounce

the word "truffa."

On one occasion
however a "bott-
gais" was clever
enough to meet
the "too" of his
remonstrating cus-
tomer by adding
"Yes, as you say,
too little."

It is absolute-
ly necessary for one who goes to restaurants to under-
stand the language. Imagine the feelings of an American
who demands "caffagion," thinking he is ordering an



Levis-fick
à la
venetienne.

especially nice dish, or "spolli" (see previous pages)
 The effect of using German, English and Italian together is that the three tongues are usually mingled in every sentence. & I have understood them all the time not puzzled by being addressed, "Dung me gwei uorai."

Italian General of the customs of Italian teachers are interesting. It illustrates the domestic of the race that the female members of the teacher family always call to observe the pupils' stage & progress. It has indeed been asserted by their detractors that they may do this when there are gentlemen among the pupils.

Even Italian teacher will take



Italian Comfort.

Americans cheaper because it saves him the price of going to a cafe to spend the evening in their waiting room.

Temperature The proper temperature of room for some. An Italian parlor is 8° Cent. (48° F.). It is considered unhealthy to have a fire. But I have seen the unhealthiness is to the fire. The winter evening room is given, a

basket of coats are recklessly pulled from a
 neighboring inn and placed in a large quantity
 The lady of the house then fills a scalding
 soup this and presents one to each guest.
 (The illustration on opposite page represents
 the ensuing hilarity.)

New Years It is quite amazing how many friends
 are. The traveller finds who take him by
 the hand with enthusiasm about the time.

Old men who take
 canes in libraries,
 graces in churches,
 and who, till seldom
 who have hooked his
 boat, all escape a
 bow, wishing him "bon
 principio" Result a
 donation of two soldi.
 Offus of The usual
 affection. may in this
 country for a



"Lombardia"

a fine is to assure her of "his sympathy." This
 is considered much more strong than telling. see
 that her eyes extinguish the sun. It is important
 for strangers who do not wish to expose themselves
 to a train of promises. and to understand this.
 The cut represents the stonemason who com-
 mitting himself to Kings.

Germans It is the usual practice of citizens of
 this nationality to pass the evening in
 tacting wives. For this purpose the eyes are
 blindfolded and four glasses are used which are
 from time to time changed so as to secure

enthusiast of the party has been lately accustomed to share this task.

There is no place in which ladies need as few clothes as Venice.

As the party stayed longer in Venice than they had planned, they were separated for such a time from their trunks, which had been sent ahead to



Rather ragged.

Florence, that their clothes were in rags.

Pioneer. Do you think this jacket will do to wear another day?

Folly (encouragingly) Oh yes, if you put in a darn here, and a patch there, and mend the collar, and sew up the lining, and put those missing buttons on it will do very well. Besides if it looked too fresh it might make your dress seem a little shabby.

P. B. The Artist wishes the reader to notice that while the others are mourning over their tatters she is but in indifference as to the state of her elbows everily pursues her art.



Tharice.

[illegible]

Through the knots had fine lines
 passed on the ~~land~~ ^{land} ~~land~~ ^{land} there was at first some
 identification. Let me, Florence. The Archangel -



Over the table
over and I left a most excellent
table. Of the people
table the
sample of dinner conversation. /
B.
without going into the
to the whole table) What a
silence for a moment)

Miss F.

Both
What are your favorites in the Tribune?

Miss F.
you know and I
too.
can get it for hours before a picture comes
it is. I
picture
an enormous knife too, and
think, when I got it home they all
at it. It was quite rather cross of the

you think it was a good picture of
it wasn't it?

Sam. I noticed it. I noticed it in the
drawing that I saw of it. I noticed it.
Did you notice that little window group to
the right of it?

I. M. (who has come ahead to compare the
drawing) How was it, by?

Sam. I declare I don't know, but you must have
noticed it, I think.

Thos. H. I make it a rule never to look at
anything but what I see about the
subject and about the artist. A picture is more
interesting when the artist is less than the
subject, and that it is not so.

Sam. (to Thos. H.) I am a person
much of your time, but the picture is not so?

Thos. H. (to Sam.) I have not seen the picture yet.

Sam. It is a very good picture, but it is not so
good as the picture.

Thos. H. I have not seen the picture yet.

Sam. I have not seen the picture yet.

Thos. H. I have not seen the picture yet.

Dr. J. I am not sure, but it is a great pity to me
that my health does not permit me to visit
the galleries. I am very sick for a long time and
my life is too short.

Sam. (saying these things and so on) I
would go there three thousand miles to see the
picture collection alone. I am a man and a woman
his (maccaroni in a depressed state of mind)
I am sure we should have such a nice walk to

Cotona to day.

Miss C. (in a low voice) I would not be
tired to visit to Cotona, not even for the liquor.
How did you like it?

Pioneer. Oh, immensely.

Miss C. There is nothing quite like it.

Pioneer. It was rather pleasant.

Miss C. Very pleasant.

Pioneer. But it did not hurt us.

Miss C. I should think not. Does it yellow?

Pioneer. The country? Oh, everything is getting a
fine fall green now, and the corn is all
rotten & stalks growing up one side, was
a sight.

Miss C. Oh, yes, country! I was a kernel
of the liquor all the time, - the Cotona.

Pioneer. Oh, that, David liquor.

Miss C. David?

Pioneer. I have never treated anything so well
David in my life and I hope I never shall
again.

Miss C. So you mean to say you never
treated it before?

Pioneer. Yesterday was the first and I hope
the last time.

Miss C. Was a certain amount of liquor
to be given? He never treated it before.

Miss M. (very gentle and very simple to the
Aunt) You have not many contracts and
now, have you?

Aunt. Yes, my dear. On the side of the liquor.

know, because she had lived always as a wife
 but she had been so long of getting the husband
 that she had a right to say it was a mistake.
 Friend. How you are laughing at me. I suppose
 you think you are all such a lot, you know,
 and can't be raised, but nevertheless I should
 like to go to America and to the North Pole too.
 Can you tell me what the government is at the
 North Pole here they are living and growing?
 Sister. I like a wife.

Friend. And I suppose you want to be so fine. I should
 so love to go to Niagara.

But can you give me the following lines?

Niagara, Niagara,
 I did there sit and stare,
 And though I was so happy,
 I was not so much overjoyed,
 Niagara, Niagara.

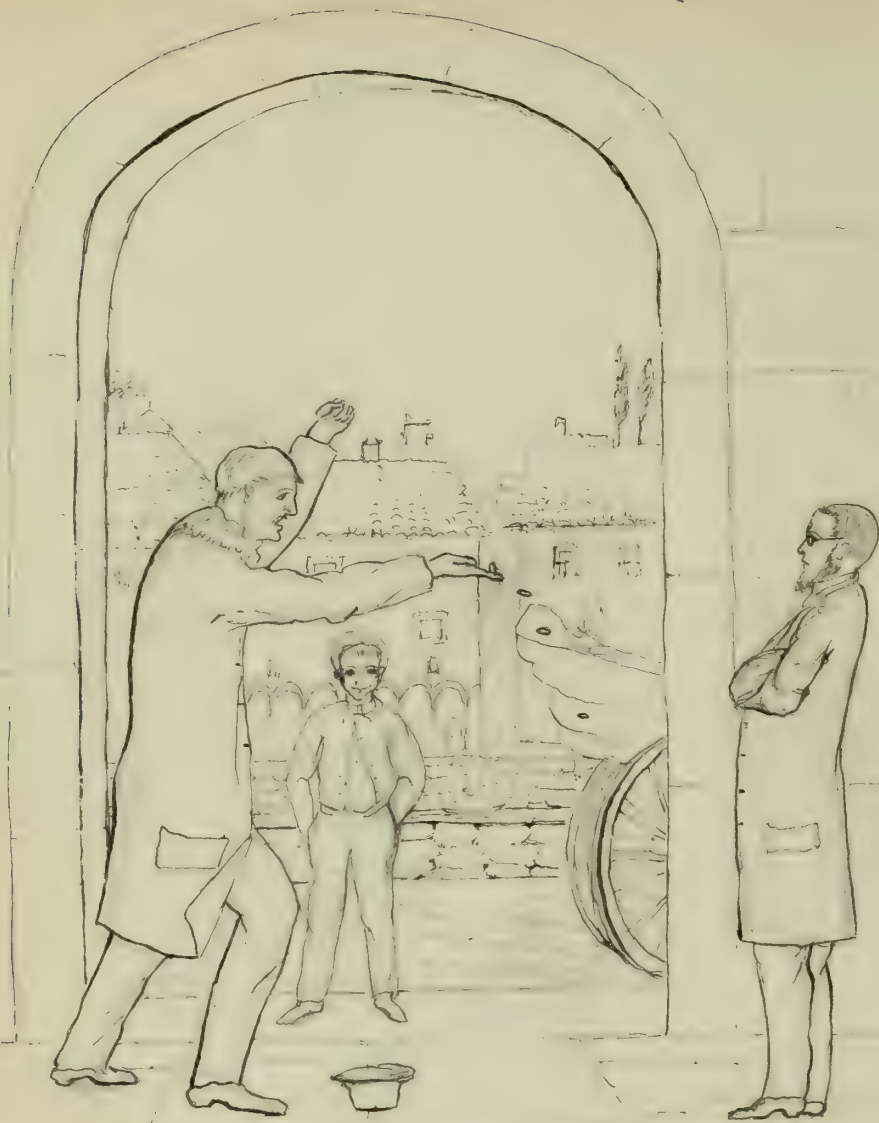
I did there sit and stare.

Friend. What a fine fellow! I do so love
 my fellow.

Polly, the Pioneer
 and the Artist,
 inhabited a room
 twenty five by
 twenty five feet
 square and seven
 ten feet high. It
 had its charms
 but also its draw-



backs. As, for
 instance, when
 the chamber-
 maid, who was
 ten feet high,
 used to hang
 up the clothes
 fifteen feet from
 the floor.



In the fore. going sketch the artist finds herself on having given the Enthusiast such an air of conscious rectitude, that it is almost needless to add how utterly in the wrong the Vetturino was. The ladies of the party however took the storm with much less composure and when the Vetturino insisted that if he did not receive another franc, he would send for the police they bravely entreated the Enthusiast to open the purse. They did not know him and even when finally the police man did appear and demanded the Enthusiast's card, that determined man did not for an instant blench. The whole party expected nothing better than to spend the rest of their trip in a Florentine dungeon, but the upshot of it all was that the card was returned, and the Vetturino sent up word that he would be content with the three francs, if you please.

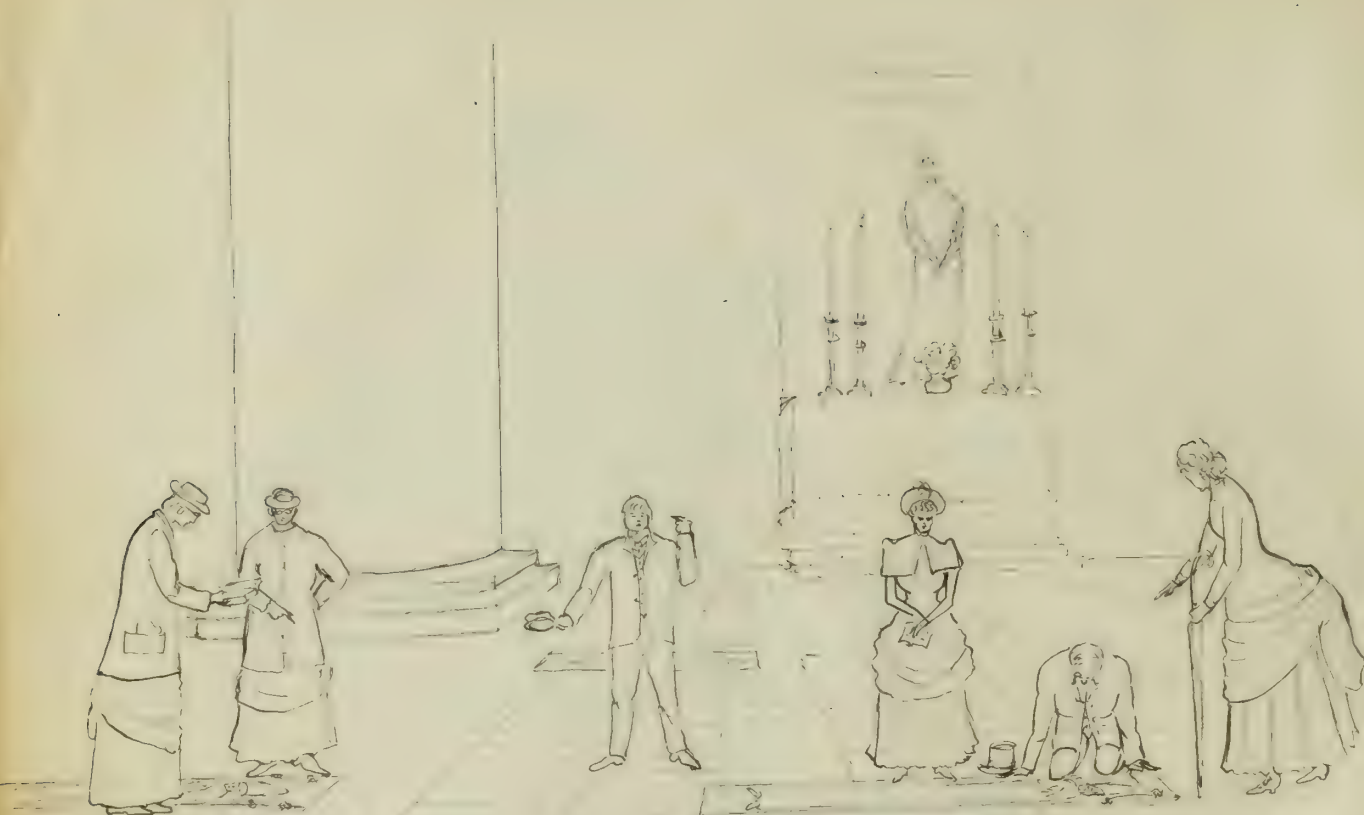
7.5

geht es dir?

1845 Mar. 120! 10
1845 Apr. 121! 10

Tricks the Rectum to the
where that the
matter is now
in the rectum for
reference, &c.

The old lady, or her
(drunkard of the neighborhood) is the best for
the place, & the



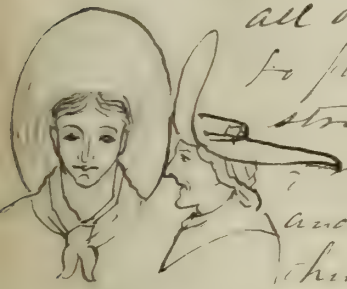
The Ruckin's Tassel at Santa Croce.

Fashionable Ruckin. Oh yes, this must be the right tassel, because it does not look in the least like a real tassel, you know, and that is just why Ruckin admires it so immensely. It is awfully nice, quite awfully nice. But do look at that stupid Ruckin, or there Ruckin, or that quite common place fellow, and thinking it the right one. *Colonel Paddy.* Let me see, what does Ruckin say? If you don't acknowledge this tassel you are utterly blind to art. Oh but how appreciate it, don't you? How transcendental! What is over the meaning! What capital! I think I have, until now, appreciated the possibilities of a tassel. And see these benighted people over there wasting their time over an utterly senseless tassel.

Salto de Place. Indeed our Gentlemen, if you see the tassel of Misses Ruckin, she is wonder.

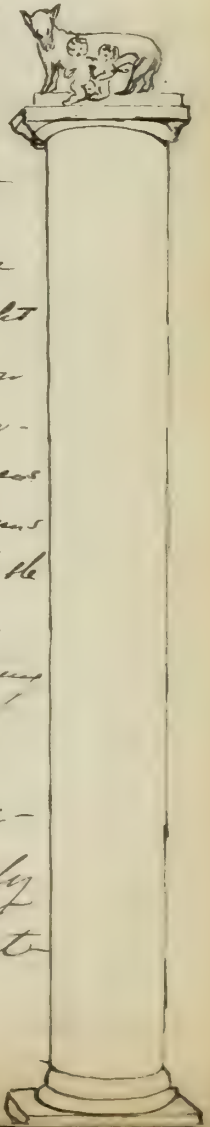


Siena. We had always heard that the Italians disliked flowers, but our journey from Florence to Siena proved that point. The party had been presented with a little nosegay of Tuberoses, heliotropes and hyacinths, and as the artist sat proudly, holding first a Siennese on her right, drew out her smelling bottle and called for air - and then a Florentine on her left followed her example. There was nothing to be done but to suspend the unfortunate bouquet out of the car-window.



Siena at first sight won all our hearts. It has, whatever every city ought to possess an encircling wall, steep & narrow streets and picturesque of castles and is innocent of side-walks. Romulus Remus and the wolf keep guard on various columns throughout the city, but the most remarkable thing in Siena are the hats, evidently come down in apostolic succession from the thirteenth century halos.

The Pioneer and Polly had an aggravating way of picking out some particularly inaccessible point in Baideker and insisting they must see it. No matter how much the enthusiast pleaded to be left

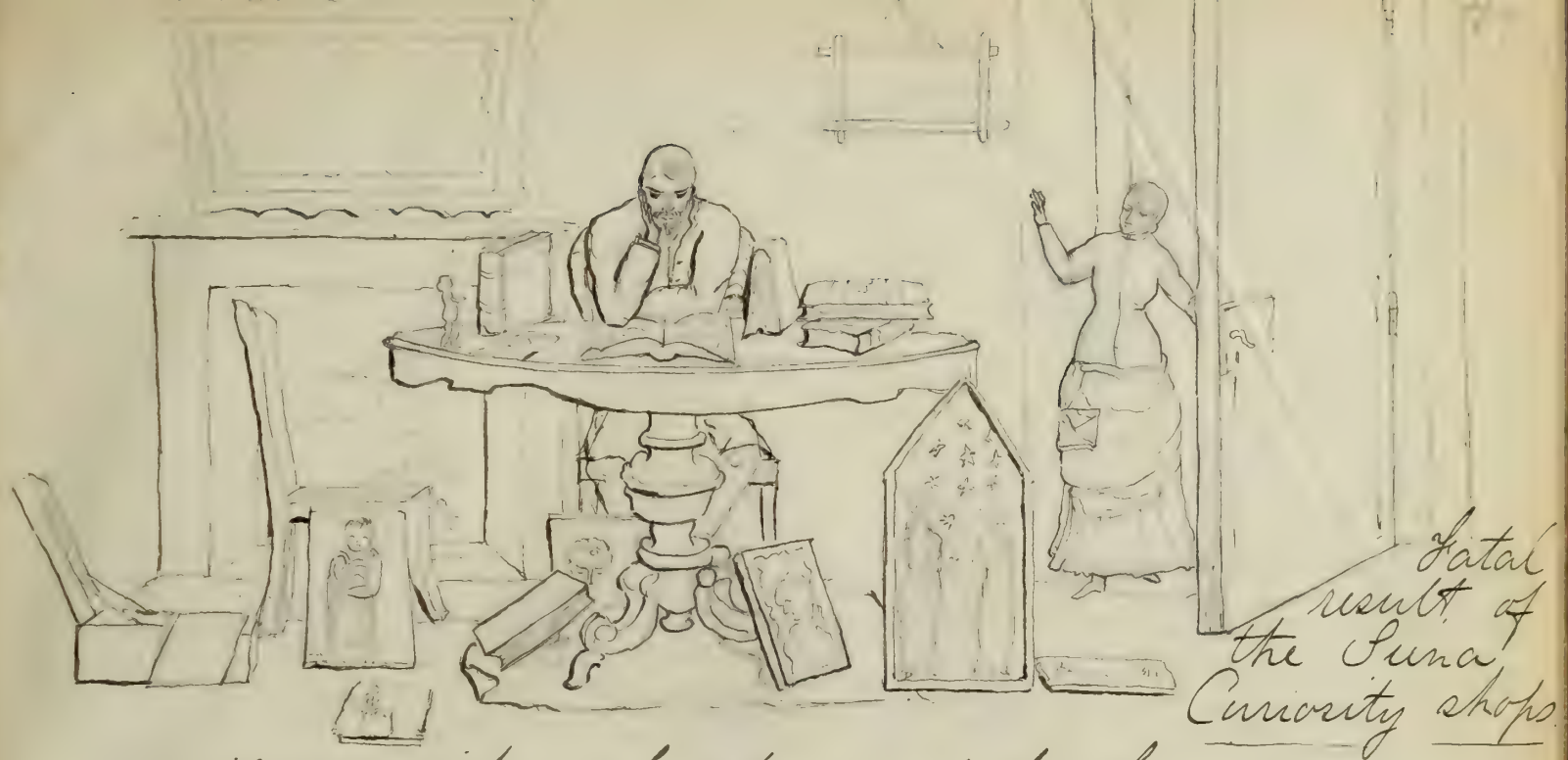




"Come! no!"

an hour in peace with his Italian grammar, no matter how hard the Archaeologist begged to be allowed to pore about among the curiosity shops, these two were inexorable and ruthlessly dragged them off to the desired point. At Siena a suppressed current was their aim. They had been to Certosa in Florence and tried the liquor, but a "suppressed current," had a mysterious and attractive sound not to be resisted. Accordingly one busy afternoon the young ladies started proudly off while their escorts followed meekly and sadly.

After a climb up a very steep hill, the monastic buildings rose before them and the Pioneer and Polly rushed forward and rang the bell. A young smiling monk opened the door, but when the two girls proceeded to walk over the threshold, his



smiles vanished, he throw up his hands despairingly and cried, "Donne no! Donne no!" Then came the hour of triumph for the squatters. They calmly walked in, leaving the girls out in the cold, where they were nearly thrown to pieces. They insisted however that the view was what they came for and that they would not have gone in if they could. Just as the door was closed upon them they heard the enthusiast gleefully remark, "San. Porcella, nitro-glycerine and women not admitted."

Siena is famous for its curiosity-shops. But for this fatal fact it would have been to all the most enjoyable of places. Pity the Pioneer! Thus far she had successfully combated the purchase of a Venetian stone portal, a couple of ancient columns, and a life-size thirteenth-century Madonna, but at Siena the Archaeologist broke loose from all restraint.

He carried only a valise and the Pioneer's trunk was twenty-four inches long by thirteen broad by ten high. Imagine then the feelings when he brought home in triumph his little purchases, three or four old pictures, a large bronze cast from Donatello, two smaller bronzes, a Luca della Robbia, and seven old books weighing on an average five pounds apiece.

N. B. It is a secret at present but two of these pictures are studies of the same head as a picture in the China Academy. The Archaeologist regards his fortune as made. He expects to sell them to the British Museum. There is no telling now what extravagances he will commit.



Obeyed of all Obeyers.

After the adventure at the "encreased monastery" the young ladies risked nothing more for two whole days, but at the end of that time they were eager for another adventure and dragged the

attorney to San Geronimo, a
medical town so far from any
place I rec'd that we have no reason
to believe any foreigner has been
there for the last three hundred
years. Of course we saw all sorts
of interesting things in the way
of endless towers used for pitching
stones down upon the enemy,
quaint streets, old fortifications &c.

The Archaeologist was enchanted
for he could buy all the old
books he wanted for five cents a
volume. It was evident that we were as good as a circus
to the inhabitants who for the first time held, velvet,
over-skirts and Bachelors.

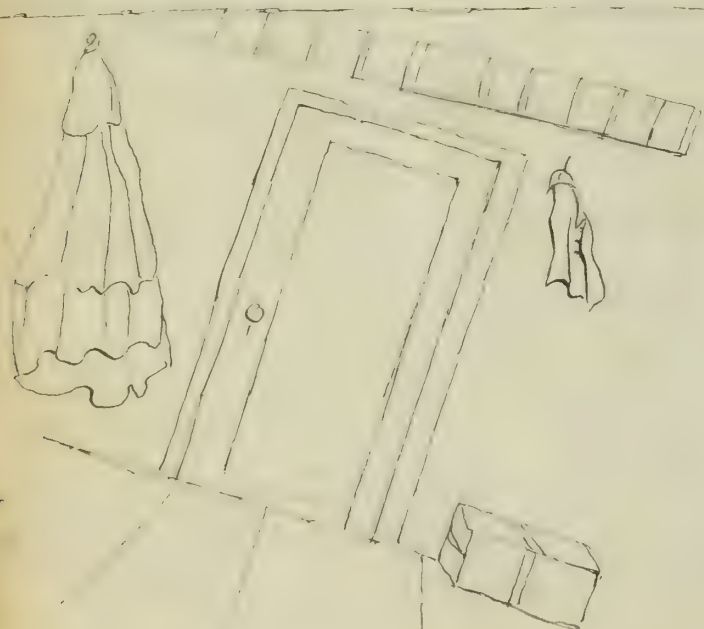


Spring was now coming on and the wealth of Italian
flowers was a constant delight to the Pioneer. This
is the way she spent all her time when in
the house. The girl above is the one, not the
one below, who was the cook at Sierra. We
had never seen her but she must have
taken a great fancy to us, for the morning
we left she marched confidently into the room
with two stiff little forequits for our party.
The innocent Chaperone looked pained but
was surprised at seeing the Enthusiast
graciously hold out a franc, which the cook received
as though it was for that and not for the sake of
benevolently wishing us a happy journey she had
come into the room.



From Pisa to Gaeta Lannone.

At Pisa we stopped at the Neptune to prepare ourselves for the voyage from Leghorn to Naples. This was Polly's proposition who was looking forward to the trip and had been very fractful after the many compliments she had had on being such a good sailor when she crossed the Atlantic. This is the style of view she expected to enjoy.



This is the view she really did have.

Castellammare.

Castellammare takes its name from this castle which stands a complete ruin now on the hill above the flat roofs of the town.



At Pineson's Villa Cotruelli, where the party stayed it found more congenial spirits and the Entomologist's work was able to expand.

The meeks and daisies are scarce and the flowers don't have our potent mild. I only found when we arrived the discarded violets, anemones, kidney-like, crocuses, primroses and hyacinths, not to mention daisies, which were in France we had at Christmas time.

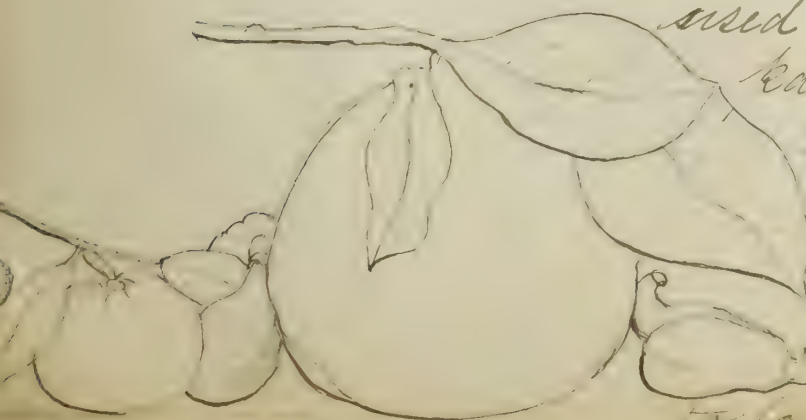


Oranges and figs appeared at every meal. To get figs a meal was considered a modest allowance.

A monk or two used to straggle past the house but they were so ragged that neither the Friar or Pella felt any desire



to force our entrance into their convent.





The Priest, though she had not yet come over to the Catholic church, was very fond of priests. To her delight the villages were full of them, sometimes the children would run up and kiss their hands.

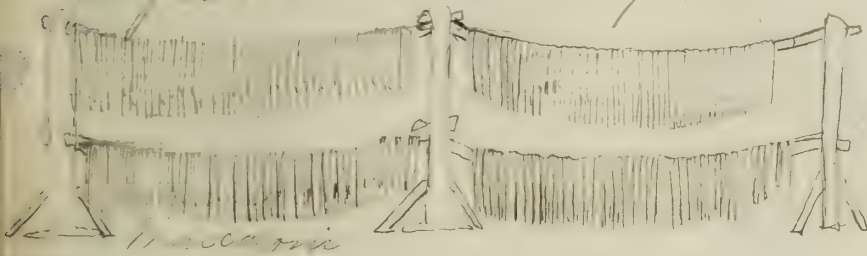
The following sketch shows how the village women spend their time when not working though some of them are able to combine the two.





Maccaroni.

In Castellammare the Chakerone made an important
 discovery. Three lines in our national song "He stuck
 a feather in his cap, and called it (the poem) Mac-
 caroni," have always been
 traced from Americans. But
 here is the Bag of Noodles



there is a race of donkeys
 called Maccaroni,
 and that is where

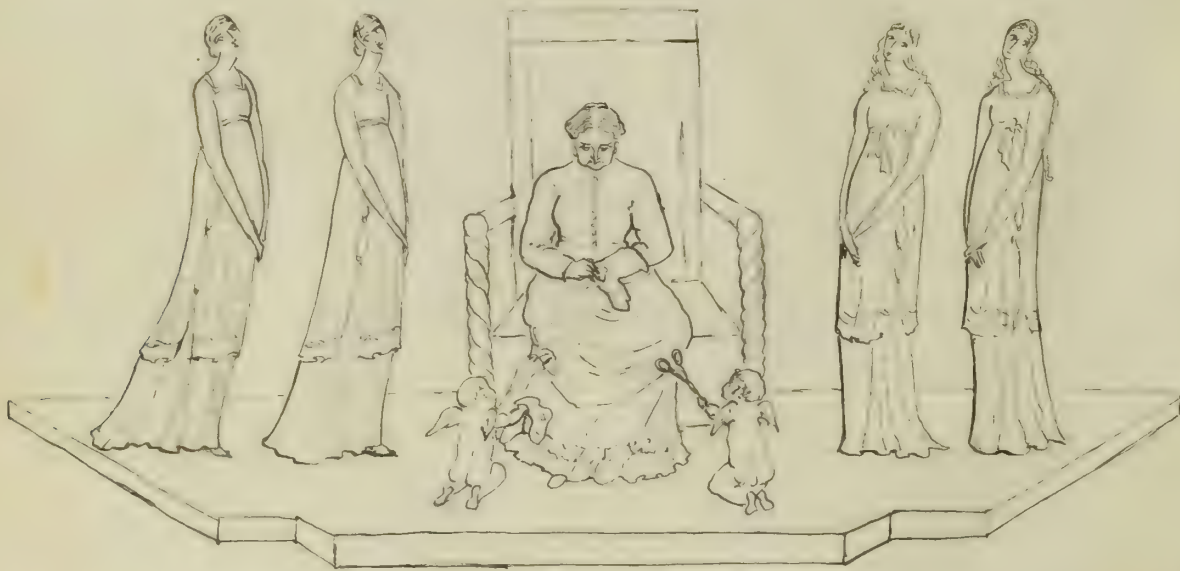
Little Donkey

Donkey Doodle evidently got his idea. The other sketch

also subjects macononi but of a different
kind.



The Chaperone had been beginning to feel
badly and considered it hard that because
she neither stood out in a coming rain
garnish at cathedrals like the Centurion, or
filled her trunk with fine round fifteenth
century medals, like the Archaeologist, or attacked sub-
titled comets like Polly and the Pioneer, she should
be so little in these pages. To console her, and as
she was the only one who kept the party from going
about in rags, the Artist designed an allegorical picture

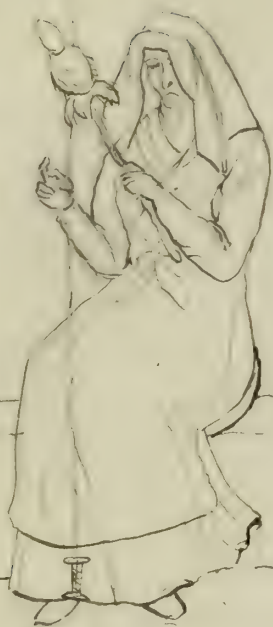


in the fifteenth century style, representing the Chaperone
as Industry, surrounded by some of the minor virtues.
It did not sink in the party at all. It only saved the
Chaperone from being at the bottom. They were all
lookers.



The Shades of Pompeii

Pompeii had a sentimental effect on the artist as the above shows. She thought the Roman costume looked more appropriate among the ruins than the modern attire.



The Pompeians lived in their
courtyards, the modern Italian
in their streets old & young.

"He stands in
the sun."



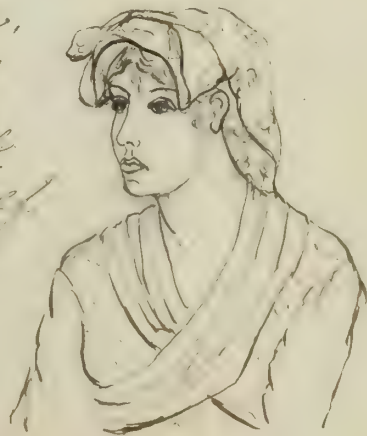
The garden at Pompeii was
was full of lemon trees of little
stone goblets and other lead-work
and there were little green birds
in it and figs. It was a capital place
for "dole for minute."



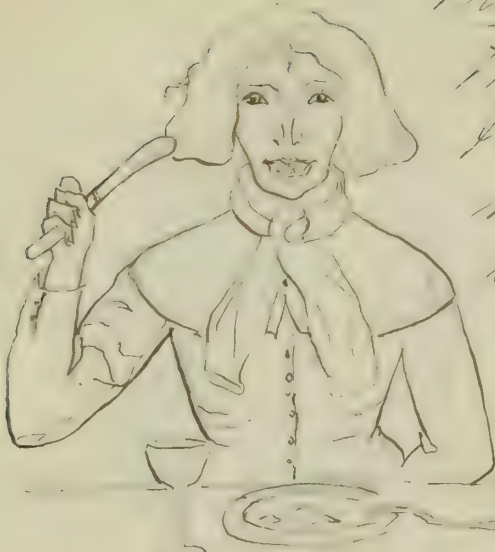
Letter.

The Chapuone and the Artist went up to see the view from Letter caette and the inhabitants of Letter came up to see them. It was social, of course, but sometimes they rather interfered with the view. That however did not seem to trouble them.

The girl below is from Letter, or rather the style of head-dress is, for Polly had to sit with the Artists' wet machine handkerchiefs draped over her head as a model.



Monologue.



Traduzione Raffaello. Ge Sale of Tschina?
I had an art of get rid of some so
many houses was destroyed. I knew
it not yet, I shall not know it, I
had no desire to know it. But I
travel much and everywhere I
goes my mind I am an English
man. But yes, everywhere! I

had travel on a boat but ye day after one thus travel
on a boat it is as if one was alone. What for a deck is
this? I think it will be done. Oh yes, it will be done. But
as I just say wherever I goes my mind I am English.



Naples.

There is room for one more.

The artist intends
 introducing the
 queen among the
 Catholic priesthood
 at home. Father
 in West Newton
 merely means a
 long coat & is
 not at all
 picturesque.



The thick & the thin of it.

Torrento.

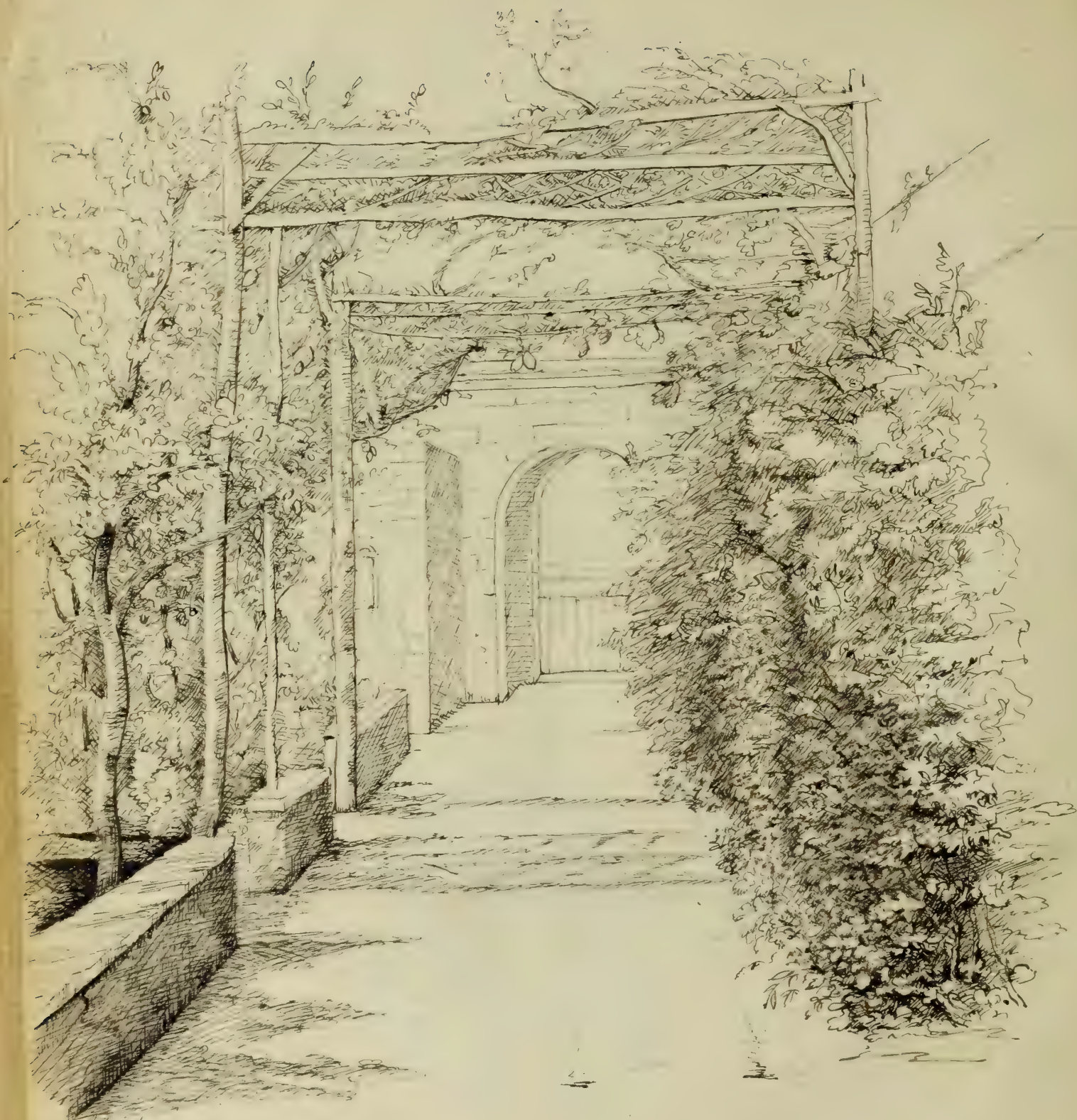
On the 23^d March, the party tore itself
 away from Castellammare. The artist gave
 a last bump of sugar to Maccarone who
 shed tears behind his blinders.

Michèle, the coachman, Caterina, the
 chambermaid, Marianna, the waitress,

Poppo, the Facciano, the little nameless
 Crovies.

Torrento is and the artist. woman who lived in

the court, the loggia & the gate, & several of his chambers
 were all there to wish us "buon viaggio" as we piled into
 the carriage. The road from Torrento to Castellammare is a de-
 scription, also the view from the summer house at the
 top of the garden belonging to P. San Lorenzo which is
 next to the old castle.



Chapone.

The trellised walk at Sorrento.

Scene,

Sorrento Custom House, where
kate has taken shelter from
the rain.

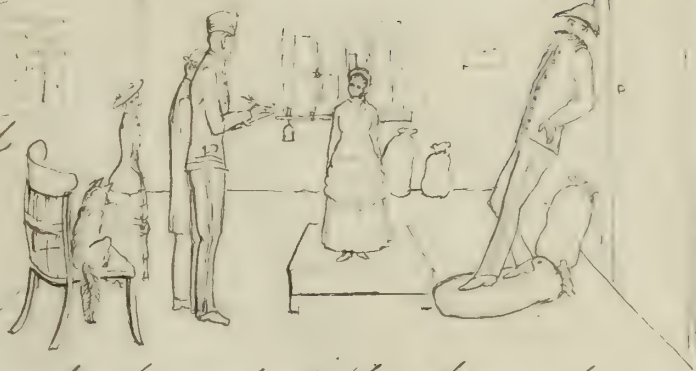
Person who has just been weighed
tells how many kilograms?

Official

Prisoner And can you tell
me how much (that would
be in English pounds?

Official (After laborious
calculations with pencil
and ruler). Surely. The

Sighissima weighs one hundred and fifty pounds.



Compensation

From Sorrento some of the party took a trip to Capri
leaving the Chaperone almost behind. There were
but five people at the table yet England, Germany,
Russia & America were represented.

Chaperone (to English lady) 'What lovely roses.'

English lady (turned to Austrian official) 'Yes, I just picked them.'

German lady. 'Ach, die Rosen.' 'Ja, Schöne Blumen hat man in Italien.'

Chaperone. 'Auch in Deutschland.'

German. 'Ja da haben sie recht.'

Russian lady (a abrupt & ma whisper to her neighbor, the Artist.) 'Mio
figlio parla Francese, Tedesco od Inglese.'

Artist. Ah!

Russian. 'Sì, Inglese con un Inglese, Tedesco con un Tedesco.'

Artist. 'Peccato che non è qui.'

Russian. 'Come?'

Artist. 'Peccato che non è qui.'

Russian. 'Come?'

Artist. 'La niente. Lei?'

Chaperone. 'Lei piace Italia?'

Russian. Come?

Chaperone. Lei piace Italia?

Russian. Non capisco mai mia figlia Brokmüllsters

(Chaperone. Senonche the Russian is introducing Russian words) (Come?)

Russian. Brokmüllsters.

Chaperone. Non Capisco.

Russian. (Emphatically) Brok-müll-sters. (Capite?)

(Chaperone. (Filling horribly) Li li.

English lady. It is impossible to understand the Russian lady's Italian. The natives themselves cannot.

German. Ich kenne ja einige wörter Russisch. Wir wollen einmal probiren wie es geht. Csturschky?

Russian. (Drooping) Spulliffdounthep.

German. Das alt.

Russian. Tscholaf. Unsapf-conisco d'fzestuf. piacere da.

Artist. Es ist sonderbar, allein einige Russische Wörter klingen gerade wie Italiensch.

German. Ja wissen Sie, die Frau spricht halt Russisch, halt Italiensch. Es ist ganz unbegreiflich, dass Sie in ihrer eigenen Muttersprache Fremd-wörter einmischen sollte.

English lady. Und wenn sie Italiensch spricht gebraucht sie auch Russische Wörter.

Russian lady. (With great secrecy to artist) Qui nessuno parla buon Italiano.



The master with a head of hair.



The Frau Postlemin who would wear a long-sleeved evening dress.



"Der Wirthin Fichtelein



Tanantilla.

As seen at the Hotel Puerta in Puerto. The ladies looked on a rather curiously but they said their French when the plate went round.

Catui.

Since leaving Lima the Inspector had only kind of two more field quarters, a high backed seat, a box of manuscripts, a couple of candles, a few keisei rolls, the brown bands, a Greek mirror and a dozen or so of things and was about to go to a place where he had heard the ruins and where Roman remains are as thick as flies. He cut on the next page will show what a small he made from a simple minded old peasant.



Since, this is the } Place, I had read of a great deal of
 the ancient Roman } containing Roman remains.
 I had heard. I saw the signs. I held beautiful and antique
 curiosities (pointing up his ears) What? Antiquity!

Pioneer. Oh but we had time for coins now.
 I had read of the antique, of the time of Trajan.
 What? Roman coins?

I had read of nothing at all. Ten francs, ten little francs!

One franc!

Eight!

One and a half!

Eight!

As the Pioneer will.

He had read of the antique, of the time of Trajan.
 He had read of the antique, of the time of Trajan.
 He had read of the antique, of the time of Trajan.

For in the most ancient of the coins was found
 the following date.

Graced by this discovery
 he made for Rome taking



the Archaeologist and the Pioneer with him.



The Sirens of the Blue Grotto.

owing to the inconveniently small size of its front door, the Blue Grotto can only be entered on ones hands and knees, but when added to that discomfort you are subjected to the perils of being poked with sharp sticks (some-what to the detriment of the nosegays fastened on to the end of those sticks, and which nosegays you are expected to buy) it is indeed questionable whether you laid out a franc wisely on your entrance ticket. It is always difficult to resist the Capri girls, they are so pretty, but this standing on a ledge and fishing for you with flowers is taking a mean advantage. On rowing among the following cove a- takes place with your boatman who has a regular tariff and is not supposed to ask for anything more.



Boatman. Has the Sirens nothing for me?

Signora (intently contemplating the cliff).
 Boatman (innuently) Has the Signora nothing for Macca?

Signora (still contemplating the cliff)

Boatman (more innuently) If the Signora would give me her health.

Signora (staring at him) I agree Italian.

something for a bottle

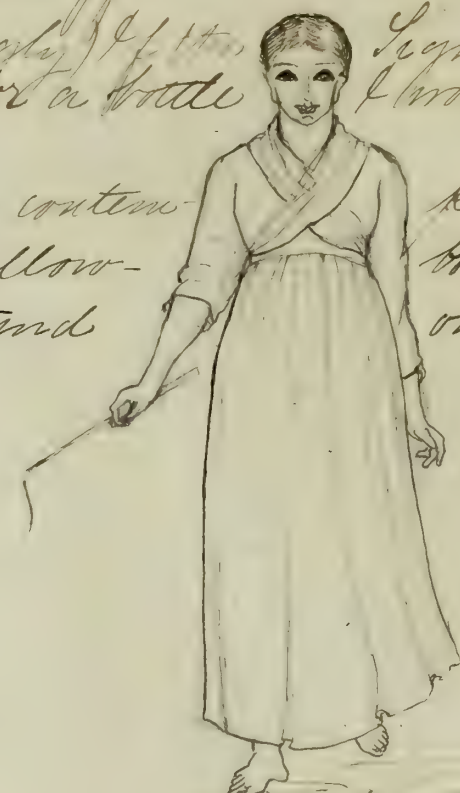
Signora would I would drink

still rapt in contemplation of cliff (ruefully to fellow-boatman) The one word of don't understand

klation of cliff boatman) The one word of



Raffaella



Concetta



Pasquerella & Rosina

Among other wild flowers we found the White Rock Rose in shape resembling our own wild red variety.

By this time the cyclamen was coming along in full force. Anyone desirous of becoming acquainted with the flora of Capri, or indeed of



White Rock Rose of Capri.

the whole of Italy has only to visit the Pioneer who has collected & pressed specimens from Faido to

western. The Enthusiast made quite a sensation

in Capri on ac-

count of the small size

of the small size

his hands. One of

chambermaids

rushing up to the

chambermaid ex-

in great excitement,

"O such small hands as the Tiger or

has, no bigger than that (measuring)

a fourth of her own palm, but such a tiny

hand" and again & again she was obliged to lay

down her duster & exclaim "Such tiny hands!"



count

of

the

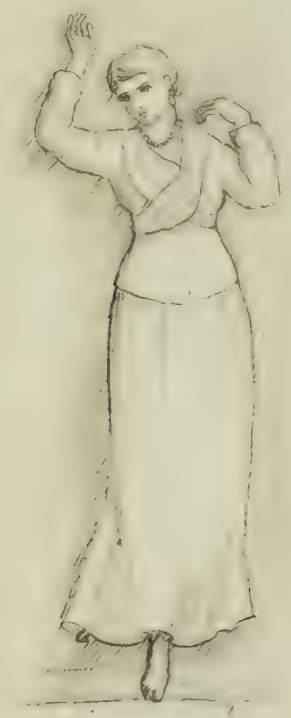
cause

other

claiming

Wild yellow Chrysanthemum





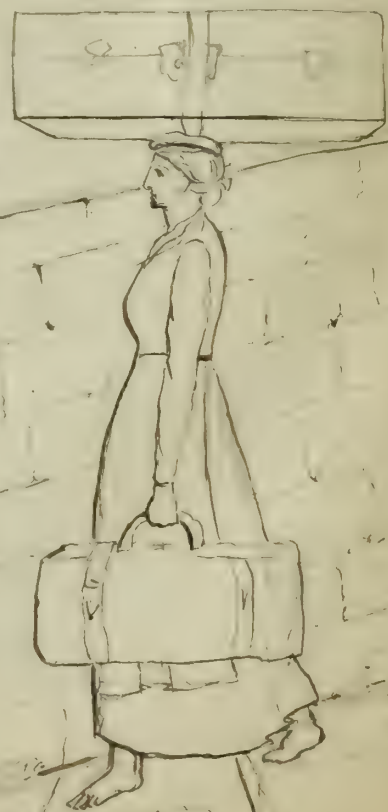
The Artist entirely lost her heart
not to Concetta or Rapella or Pasque-
rella, but to Louisa, the pretty
chamber girl. It was not that
her braids were any blacker
or her eyes any brighter - than
the others, but she was as grace-
ful as liche and slight as
a willow wand. Chamber-
work was not her profession she
said. Nor real profession was that of a model,
she had been one since she was fifteen. She was
twenty now. The Artists were good people, she liked
them, & that coral she wore round her throat had
been given her by a Baron, a friend of one of the
Artists. He had said "Louisa, I have something
for you and if I should notice, I was the very
best girling. He was gone now, two weeks ago.
Did I tell her to sit like Artists? Or except
when he made her stand like that, with her arms

up, as if she were dancing the Tarantella. Yes,
she danced the Tarantella with Pasquella, & they wore
pink skirts, and had bare feet, not shoes as they
danced it in Sorrento, and the strangers were "molto
contento" with her dancing. Did Capri please the
Signorina? And was she going back soon to England?
Ah Madonna, it was America then, and is it
true that America is under the bank, at least
that is what they say here in Capri, only if it
were, under the earth, how could the steamers
go there? They could not sail down. The artist
did not feel that her knowledge of the sea was
equal to giving a geographical lesson. But
perhaps the Signorina came by rail-road. No?
Ah well, it was very far to America, further than
to England was it, not? Concetta's lover was in
America in Nuova York. Dio mio, one must work
to live and her profession was not a bad one,
that of a model. But what a beautiful leap.
(Lorisage had fallen on a fashion plate that kept
her head was pretty but her waist. Madonna



how small! Too small. That was
not beautiful, not natural.
"My waist, that is natural.
When I was younger, I wanted
to have a small waist, and I grew
quite pale, and the Artists said
to me, "Louisa, if you wish
to be beautiful, you must not
squeeze your waist. Ecco! They
are right, and I sometimes won-
der how Signoras with waists
like that can eat at all."
and then Louisa

would laugh till the dimples
fairly danced in the rosy
bosom of her chest while
her prodigal figure swayed
about into all sorts of
inescapably graceful
poses.



Capin Porte



The Fates of the Bay of Naples
 Not all the old ladies on the Bay of Naples are of this
 character but most of them have distaffs and sit about
 on stone steps in picturesque attitudes for which reason
 the artist was moved to represent three of them as the
 Fates.

At last owing, perhaps to the immoderation of these
 same old ladies, it became necessary for the party to
 leave the shadow of jennies which it had but not
 the vision of Rome becoming there one would have seen
 a sheer impenetrability.



Roma.

The only thing that kept the party up at all in their excitement, and in fact our lunch was a breakfast. We had dinner at an American kitchen, where

TRATTORIA

instead of a roll and cup of coffee, breakfast was the order of the day. What did not please them so well,

however, was the Americanism of a heated house. At times the thermometer went up to 60°. They all can't get cold.

Paris is the center of fashions, Rome is of cottons. No more does the peasants regard the



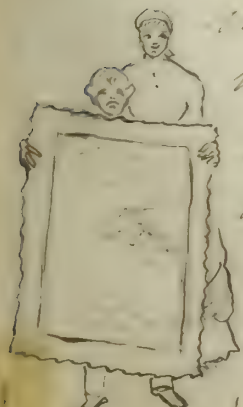
Roman Peasants.



fashion of the train, and kept to their bodies, their white slurs, and striped head-gear. Among the young peasant bucks, check-shirt trousers are rather going out, but cross-gartering is still in favor.

A quiet hour in the Vatican. The accompanying sketch does not represent the way in which our party took the paternal, through the door depicted, was no fear, a fellow-countryman. Poor man, it was perhaps the last visit home he has spent in Rome.

Polly at an early stage of our travels had developed a subtle alarmingly tendency to kleptomaniac. At Basel, for some reason (let it remain to herself) she had carried off a door-key, at Florence (this is not so implausible) a necklace, at Castellana, ~~and~~ under the impression that it was silver a porter spoon, at Sorrento, her own ~~key~~ ^{ring} was out in the service of the journal, a pen holder, but at Rome the tendency took a turn in the direction of

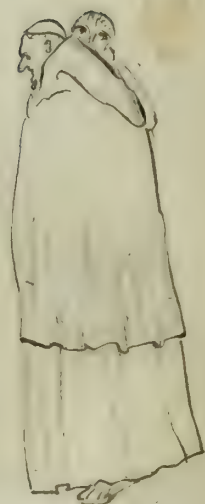
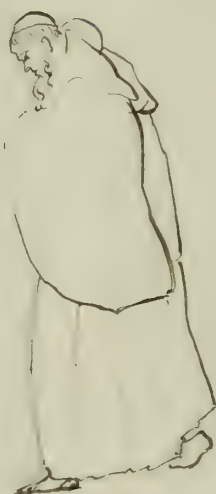


of the kind of the only in an intimate chat.

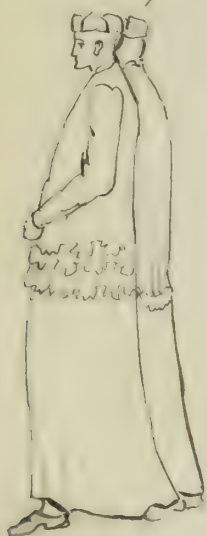


slabs of marble from the Armatrice or the Palace of the Quirals.

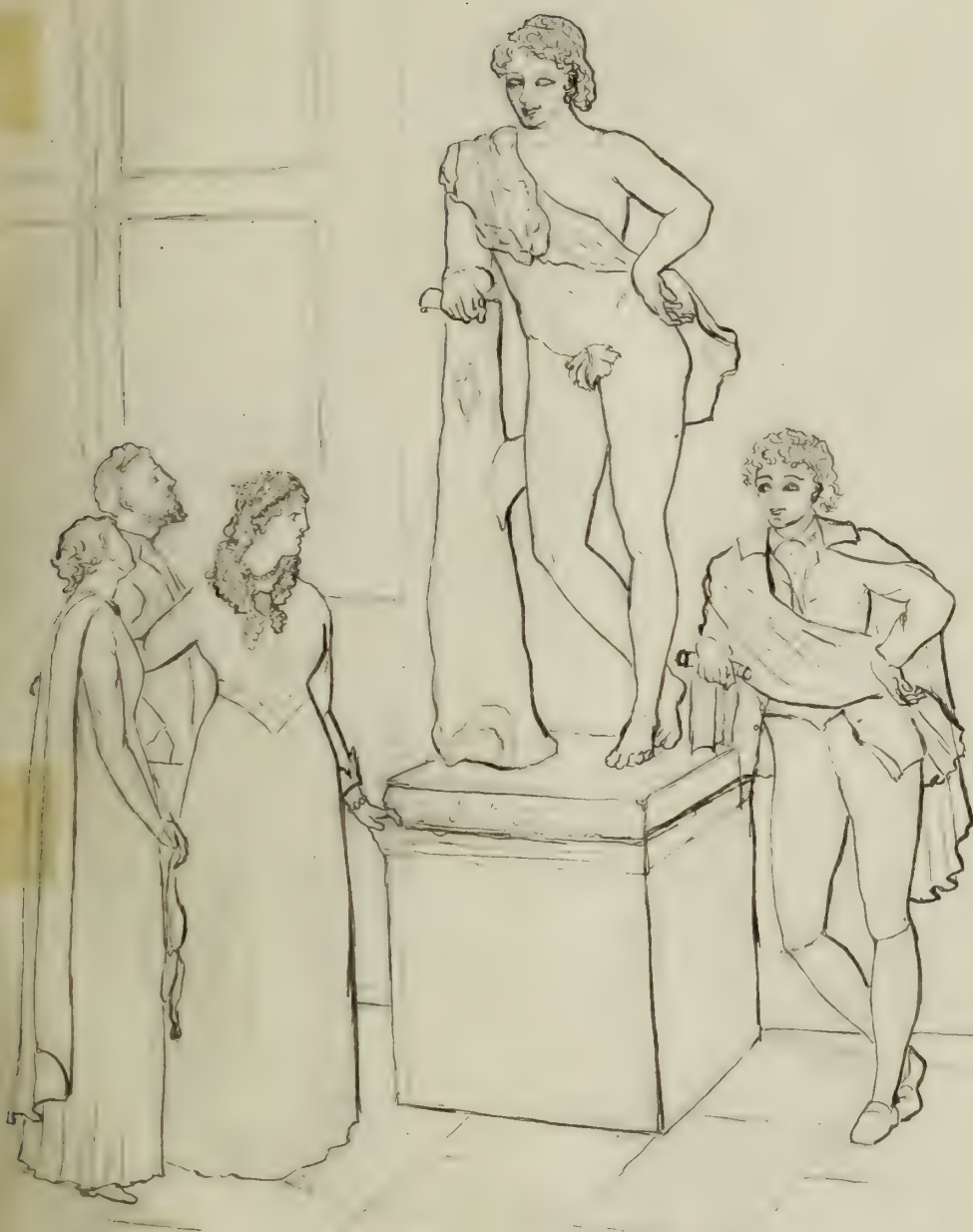
Polly and the Prince looking off the remains of Last Centuries.



Though since the Pope's imprisonment in his little
dungeon the Vatican the church festivities have lost
all their splendour the priests & monks still



abound, and at a grand military funeral a proces-
sion of these dark brown sandalled brothers formed a
striking contrast to the gold lace, cockades, and epau-
lettes of the marching soldiers.



Of course we
 all read the
 Marble Faun
 and after
 having visited
 the original of
 the story in
 the Capitol
 the artist drew
 the following.
 It is the skin-
 ning scene of the
 story where
 Tribiano, Cilda
 and, I suppose
 Lucius Cona-
 tello's likeness
 to the Marble
 Faun.

The English
 know the
 book only.

(Conatello and the Marble Faun.) would be
 more of a transformation and the following mistake
 of the artist.

Englishman Oh - Ah - There is rather a nice look
 on your called - a - let me see, a - Transformation.
 American Transformation? Never heard of it. Will
 make a note of it though. By the way, did you ever

read the Marble Faun? Capital book, a no. 1. Ever
read it?

Engelmann. Can't say I have. I will make a note
of it however.

Michael Angelo having suddenly placed his
sculpture on the roof of the Sistine Chapel,
it is necessary, if one does not want to break
ones neck, to study them by the reflections
in hand-mirrors! Polly, yesterday, had
been absorbed for all long time in the contempla-
tion of the Persian Sibyl, when she was disturbed
by a female tourist, who, stopping near enough
to see the reflection of Polly's frizzles and eyebrows
in the glass demanded, "Will you tell me what in
the world you are looking at?"

The antiquarian shops of Rome furnished a few
more objects of art to the antiquarian's little
store. He picked up two majolica
Roman dish, a marble head of
a torso, a moluccian mantle-piece,
fragments of marble, coins and
more, from the ancient tombs.

Of course we met the widows
daughters but they were not en-
thralled in Rome, they had
before. It is doubtful whether
the trouble to drink from the
of Trevi, which it is hardly neces-
sary to state our party did.

plato, a
bacchus,
various
looking
and her
joying
seen there
they took
something
easy to

Polly and the Pioneer having by this
 time worn out some more of their clothes,
 were seized by a charitable fit and began
 looking about for some more
 and deserving objects on whom to bestow
 them. Poor kirkle abounded, but so rag-
 ged were they that the young woman said
 their drafts whether they could be deserving
 or give away the garments in a public
 square would be to collect all the rags
 in the town and Polly and the Pioneer
 preferred a more private charity. The Pio-
 nier finally hit upon a brilliant idea.
 Standing at a third stray window, she
 and the kirkle blew till, finding one
 too far and she laid her packet down
 to the poor and deserving object.

a s s i s i



This was the fate of Polly's cloak. The Entrepreneur
 took a run to deliver it in following the potatoes to
 St. Francis and returned at five o'clock in the evening.

at
Florence, Rome.



In Florence where we found the Widow and her daughter before us, a sad karting was in store for our karts. The Pioneer and the Archaeologist were to leave us the former for America, the latter for England. The karting was too sad for words the picture will give a fair idea of it.



Parting.

We were again in our old rooms on the Lung' Arco but the people were changed. Among them were several English and we made the discovery that though John Bull may be a little more there is one animal of which he stands in mortal dread.

Note the following conversation.

Street. (concluded) with great indifference!)
Did you a-a-a-er - were you a-er bitten
but-a-a-a- (a still more indifferently) - a-mosquito?
Artist. Oh yes indeed.

Street (E. Berlin). I saw all that red spot.
There are four more? I get eight one sized one
there. That fortunately my face escaped, most
fortunately.

Oh this.
Miss... our former friend who was interested in
the government of the North Pole), to continue.
So just look at these mosquitoes bites on my
arm. What is it? And only four. How
such a little insect could shake three big
franks. I have rubbed them on the ground
and they went off away. What
would you advise now? Have you ever had a
mosquito bite?

Enthusiast (who has heard this at many meals
for the last three days) mosquitoes bites? I
have had ten thousand at once.

Miss R. Oh really? Oh how horrid! Only four.
Miss R. Mr. Enthusiast has had ten thousand
mosquito bites at once.

Enthusiast (explains with difficulty that this
was a figure of speech.)

Miss R. Oh once I had such a horrid time,
not with a mosquito but with a mad bull.
(Chorus of ohs and ahs.)

Miss R. Yes, wasn't it terrible? (Only the bull
wasn't really mad, you know, and it wasn't a
bull at all but a cow. But I was so frightened.



Venice once more.

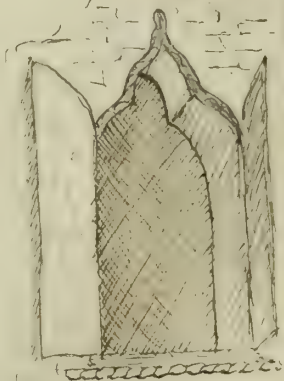
At Venice, where every rattle on the canals was eloquent of the 'Pioneer', we found ourselves in our old quarters at Casa Trevis. On unpacking, we were saddened at discovering in Polly's bag another confiscated spoon and corkscrew. Before we had been content with a teaspoon, and a better one at that, but this, alas, was a tablespoon and of real silver. As for the corkscrew, it was the selfsame one which on our first visit to Florence she had abstracted from the Rotations and carried all through Southern Italy. On our return to Florence the Whakawone had seen that it was restored to its rightful owners but so and so, and, however some unaccountable fashion, it had found its way again into Polly's bag.

We found the garden at Casa Trevis flowering with flowers and artichokes. There were honeysuckles, pansies and marigolds and later on cabbages and hollyhocks. The artichokes, too, had expanded since the winter and no longer fled at our approach.

Some of them even
condescended to
play games with
us all one evening.
Beside the artists
there was a little
Dutch lady in
the house whose
English sometimes
amused us. "She is
not welcome," she
remarked of a deli-
cate looking American
lady, "she is not
welcome, there is
~~too~~ much splendor
in her eyes and gums."

Artists studio.

At the back, Casa Lupo has no two windows on
the same level, and in the older
part, half hidden among creep-
ers, fronts one of the true ancient
Mexican style. It is a pretty
garden in June and a good
place for models to study.
Chimney pots, the people under
the eaves with their models,
villanous looking old scamps
and frowsy headed girls, were
encamped there, we usually
held aloof.





Old door, seen from Casa Tirsch garden.

Trucello, the mother city of Venice, lies some two hours off among the lagoons, and seating ourselves one morning under the striped awnings of Filikio's gondola we turned our faces in that direction. Passing the door above and many march quarters we came out before long into the open, glided past the red wall of the Campo Santo, left busy Murano with her smoking chimneys and came to a sister city of Trucello, deserted Mazzorbo. Two churches, one still in use, rear their campaniles above the cherry trees and forgranites that grow on the sites of former houses. In the Canal Grande great lazy hay-bats lay up along the shore, their fragrant yellow loads spinning in the sun. Trucello is but a ten minutes row distant. Here we more

red from granite blossoms, weed-grown bridges and the tall campanile of the Cathedral. About the two churches are clustered some peasant cottages but we saw nothing of the inhabitants till a brisk shower, driving us for shelter to the porch of Santa Foca, hurried them in from the wet fields. Here the priest, too, soon found himself and, being in a genial mood gave us cherries from his garden and then

proceeded to treat the male portion of his flock to wine & cigars. A man brought an accordion leanned up against a pillar and began to play. Two of the prettiest girls put their arms round each other and commenced to dance about. We were amused by their movements and the music

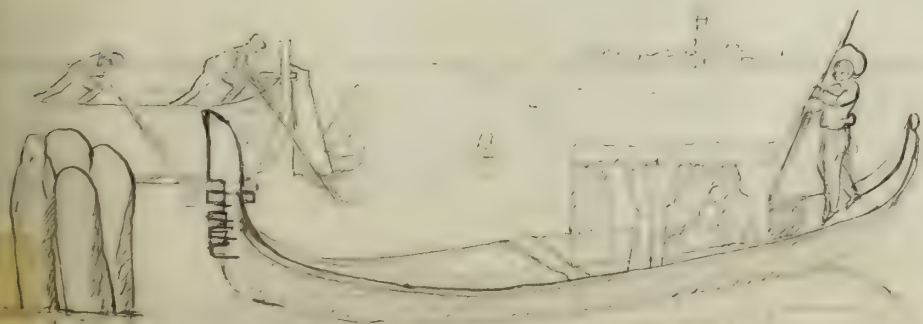


In the church porch at Santa Foca.



Bridge
at
Torcello.

a big fisherman in an immense cloak that stepped up to Polly and seizing her by both arms tried to draw her into the dance. It needed the intervention of the Padre to send Polly's ardent admirer off for a more suitable partner.



On the lagoons.



Little San Giovanni at the Festa of Corpus Domini.

The Festa of Corpus Domini was spent by the ladies of our party in following the processions about which filed with priests, tapers, banners, incense and the Patriarch (under a canopy) along the narrow fondamenta of the canals. Several little St. Johns in sheepskin and sandals accompanied the procession but got frequently weary and had to be carried, their lambs trotting after them.

Juno, however, was drawing to its end, the canals and the squares were unpleasantly hot, the shady gardens, even with its over-blown poppies and spiked hollyhocks too warm for comfort.

It was high time to leave the City of the Sea.

To through the hot klains of Lombardy, the ~~the~~ Friar, up
 to its nightingales in journey to the —

Fal Bregaglia.



Soglio.



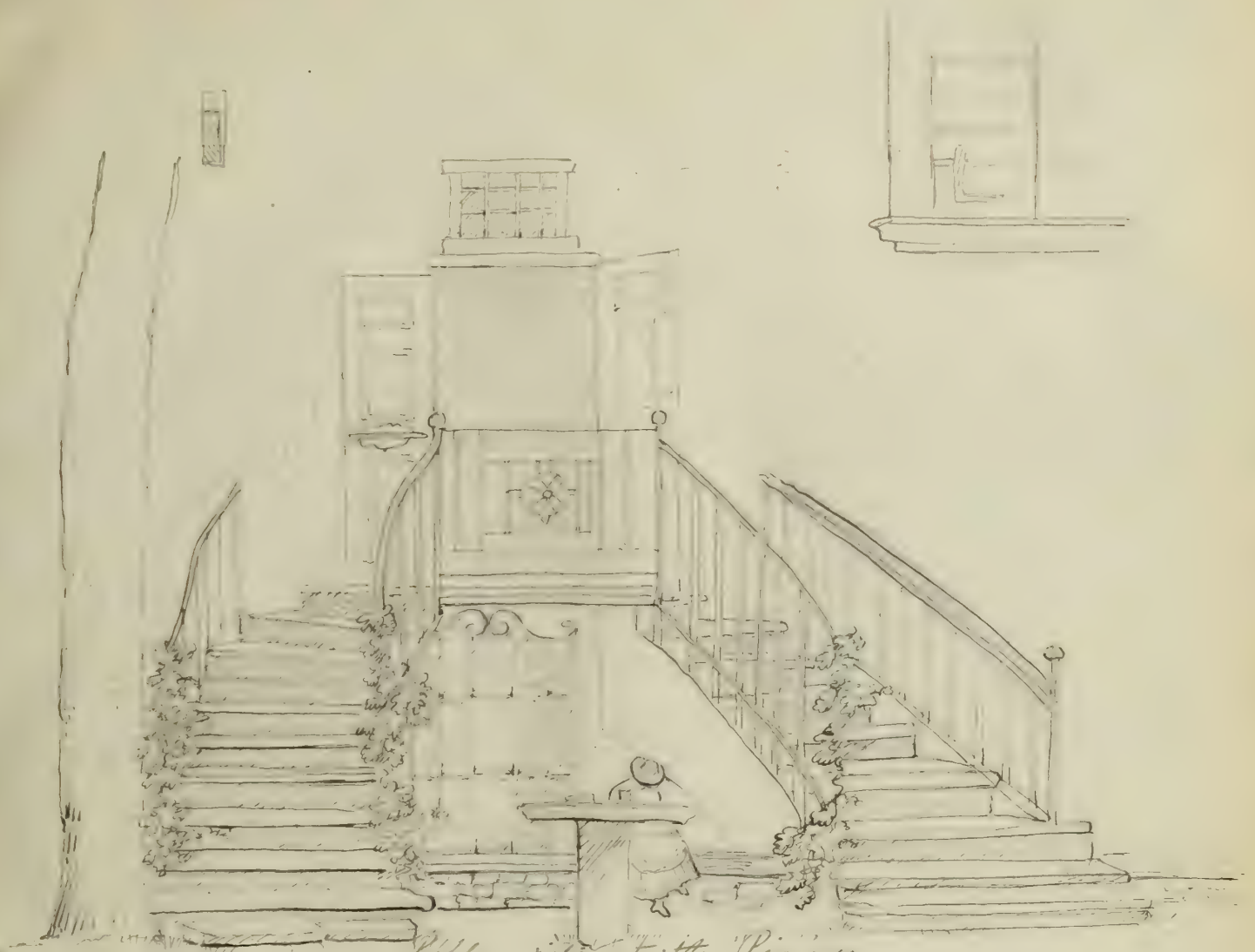
The De Salis Mansion.

The Fal Bregaglia is the most beautiful valley,
Soglio the most picturesque village, and the De
Salis mansion the most charming stopping place.



De Salis stalle

in the world. Leaving behind the stage road, which
runs from Lake Geneva to the Engadine one winds
up a steep hillside, chestnut groves, wonderful with their
pinnacles of standing trees and beneath the cypress.
The road is steep, narrow and a little rocky. It is well to
remember that its white camels, Lysit. It is well to
remember that as did we in the hanging leaves of the
up and down the hillsides, the slopes one sees the
hermit women in short blue skirts and white
blouses cutting the grass or carrying it off on their
backs in great baskets. In the village, the village is the
village, can hardly force the carriage through the
narrow winding street but fortunately it is not
long before we are in the tiny town at the



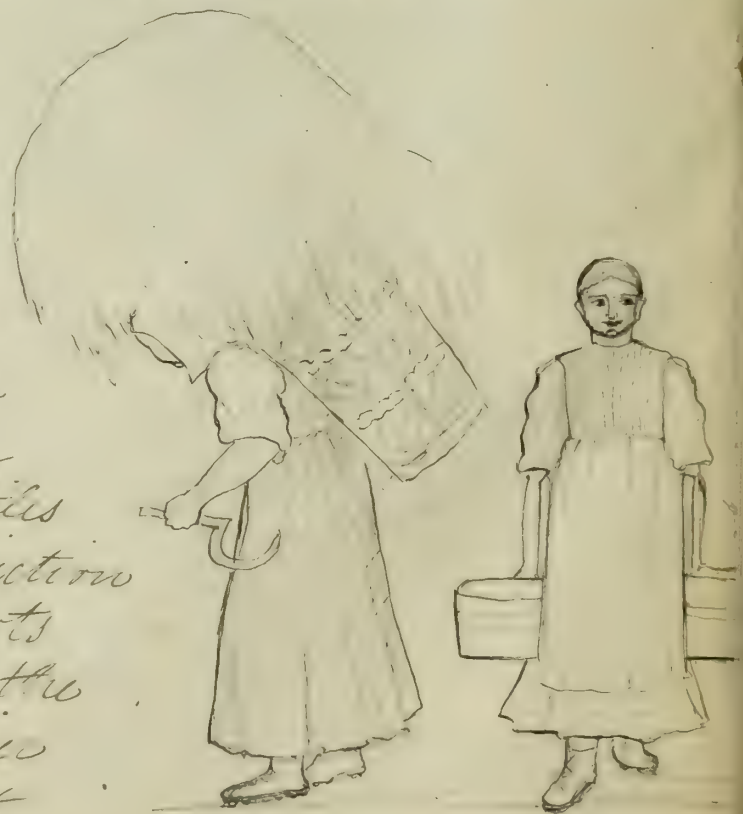
W. H. H. writing to the Pioneer.

open door of a large whitewashed house. There is a
 group of three doors, shaded by two tall beeches and
 at these doors are two stone benches on which the vil-
 lagers were sit in the cool of the evening, while the
 women at the running fountain near by wash their
 lettuce and milk-kails and gossip over the newly
 arrived steamer. You enter the ~~large~~ large stone-
 flagged hall, through the door with the de Salis
 arms, the willow, carved above it, and follow the
 ladies up the massive stairs to select your room.
 On the way you get a peep at the garden which
 lies at the back of the house, and to which you

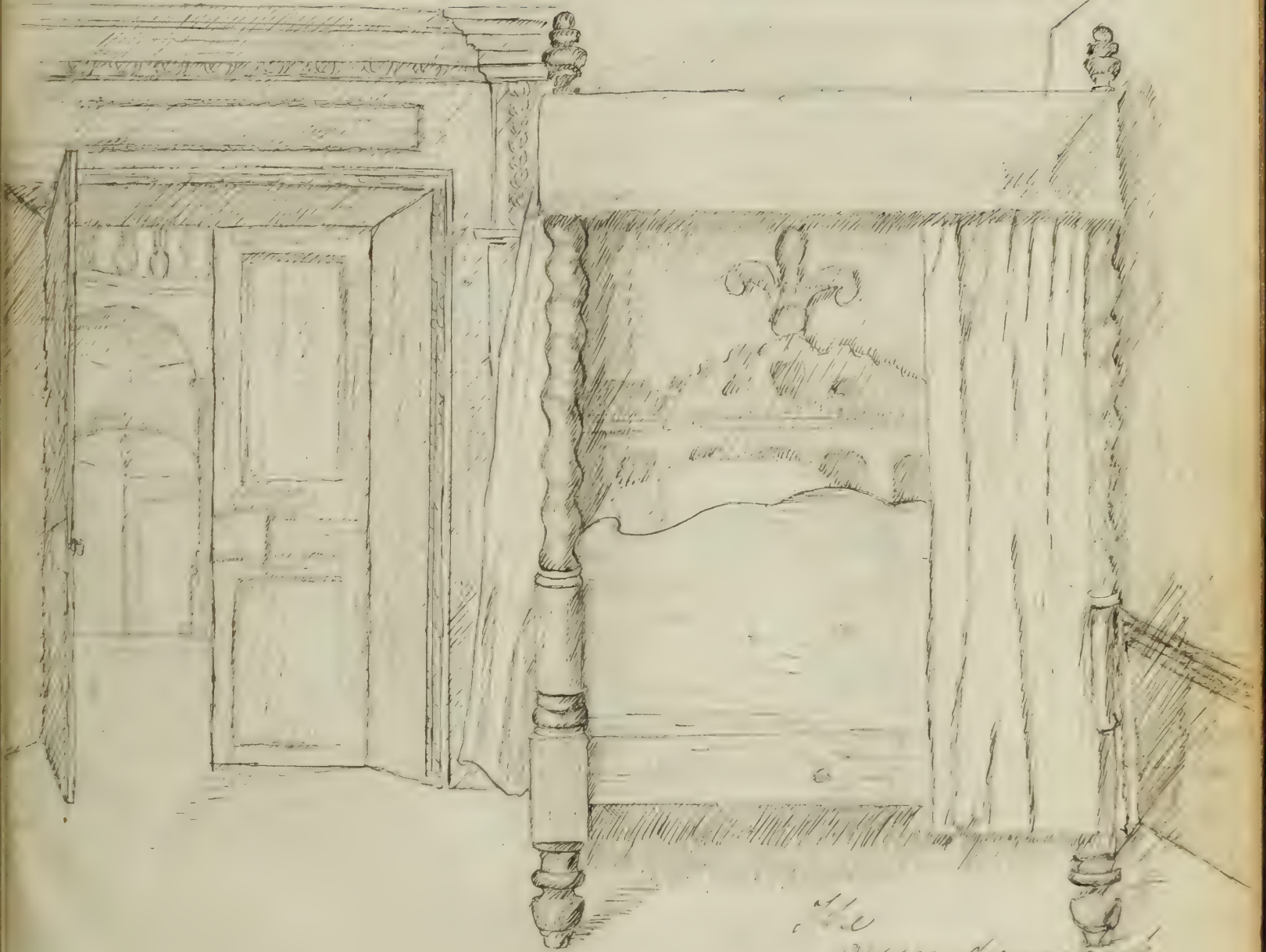


will soon become much
attached. Near the steps
which lead down into it
from the house stands a
stone table or two kept in
grateful shade by some ta-
bles. The most of the garden
house, is laid out in top
walks and old fashioned
flowers, pinks, marigolds,
snail shells and Hiding-
heart. A high wall encloses
it and back of that rises a
steep flank of the mountain.

with fields and
meadows and sun-
bathed and in the
patches of snow. On one
side the view is bounded
with the village chalets,
their great beams of olden
brown or black with age
and moss on the stone tiles
of their roofs. In another direction
between these chimney-pots
you catch a glimpse of the
dark, broad and glacier
bedged in between great
craggy peaks.

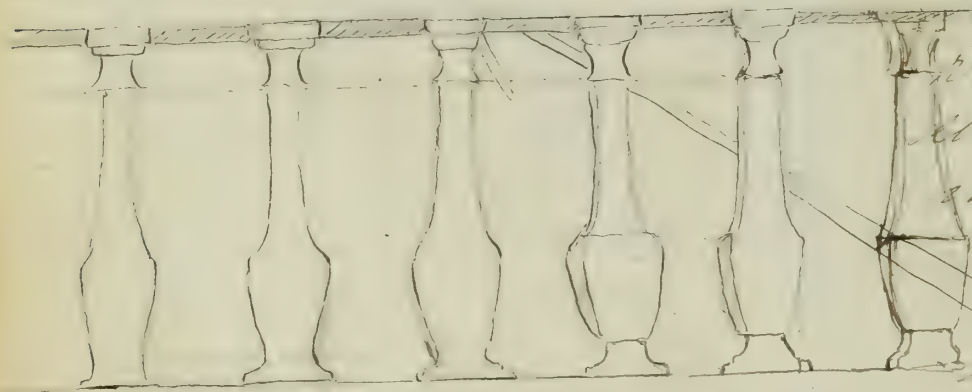
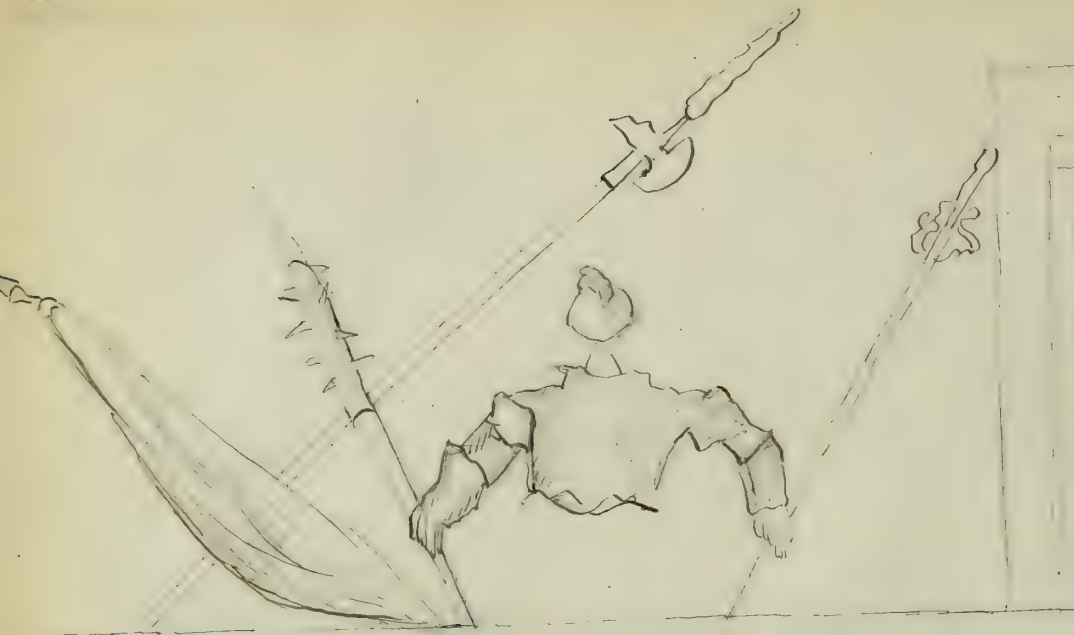


At the foot of the Prince who would at some well
be the end of the river at the stone table or water



The new dormitory room.

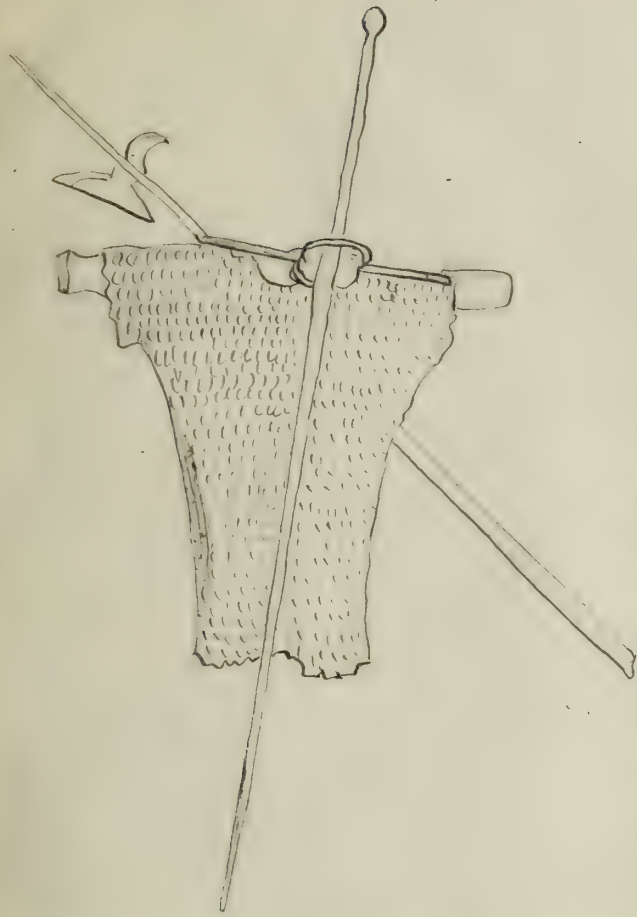
It was no easy matter to decide on a room. Could we have one with an inlaid floor and a large sun-mounted porcelain stove, reaching to the ceiling, or a stove-flagged chimney with an open fireplace, painted carved and gilded bedsteads, and a



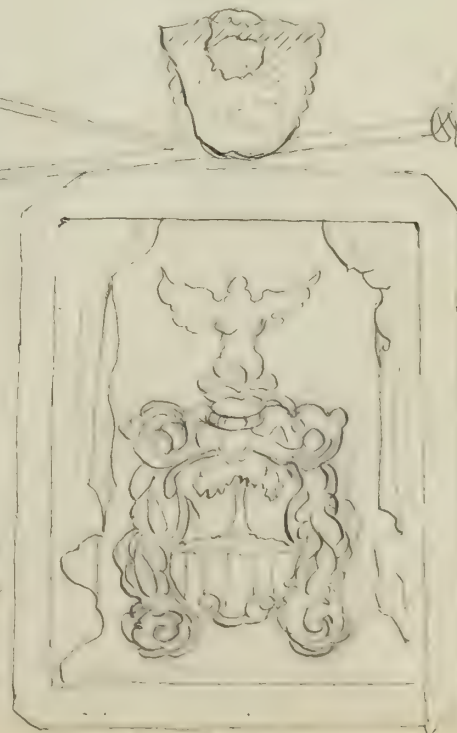
embroidered
tablecloth
worked by
some fair
seventeenth
century De Salis
lady? Did we
like unscratched

rooms? There were
several of these all
in dark stained
wood, ceilings and
all with pieces
let in and orna-
mented brass hinges
to the doors. In better
than that, there was
a room with a square
dormer with a large
carved bed having en-
tailed to match and a
chindle-legged sofa and
doors set all the frames
of side and opposite work-
manship. This last room
opened on to a large
square hall, stone flag-
ged floor, about with

armor and portraits and
 with a wooden gallery on
 two sides. Here too was an
 open fireplace. It would
 have been just the spot
 to gather about and tell
 ghost stories. The Artist
 liked to come here and
 took a shuddering pleasure
 in wondering what deeds
 of blood and horror there
 since swords and battle-
 axes on the wall had
 committed in centuries
 past. She began to
 take a pride, as indeed
 did all the party, in



the ancientness of
 the Le Salis fabric-
 les to which in some
 way or seemed to be
 long. We learned with
 pleasure that they had
 fought in the Crusades
 and that way back in the
 ninth or tenth century
 they had entertained in
 their now destroyed castle
 near Castaigne a Bishop
 Batto. Bishop Batto? could
 it be the same name as



Le Salis arms.

A decorative woodcut illustration of a fleur-de-lis ornament, likely a page marker or initial, set against a background of vertical lines. The ornament is stylized with three main lobes and intricate scrollwork. It is positioned in the center of the page, with a small, dark, circular mark to its left. The background consists of several vertical lines, suggesting a book binding or a decorative border. The overall style is characteristic of 18th-century book ornamentation.

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A decorative woodcut illustration of a fleur-de-lis ornament, likely a page marker or initial, set against a background of vertical lines. The ornament is stylized with three main lobes and intricate scrollwork. It is positioned in the center of the page, with a small, dark, circular mark to its left. The background consists of several vertical lines of varying thickness, creating a textured effect. The overall style is characteristic of 18th-century book ornamentation.



De Salis ghost
at the deserted
hearth of her
Forfeathers.

meadows but it was amusing to watch the birds
flock to us for a drink to the fountain. In the
gate our own front hall, or gaze about with a pug-
gled air turning to remembrance the very scene.
Whether the De Salis ghost depicted above was really



Front hall.

seen by the artist or not we are not able to say, as objects, however, are not in the habit of warming their hands it seems slightly intolerable. The dining hall in which she is standing is a great room with a stone floor and a large fireplace, pipes and the arm chair shown below. There

once old books in it too which would have made our Pichacolo's mouth water had he been with us. First we had the dining table to ourselves, but after a while we were joined by a very charming old woman, a perfect cosmopolitan. Her mother was English, her father Italian, she married an Italian, two of her children were born in North America, one in South America.

But Polly who is sitting in the great arm chair has something to read to us. For a European book on Americanisms she has found the following: "Haver. Va grama fellow who has as yet no. Hard but who would like to have one."



So much for Pichacolo, having ourselves now with reluctance we took the stage for the long drive.

Silva Plana



Table d'hôte.

Rules to govern the conduct of English ladies travelling on the continent.

1. At table look neither to the right nor the left but straight at your plate.

2. If a stranger should address you, do not continue to look at your plate. If he addresses you a second time continue to look at your plate. If a third time, raising your eyes and saying "excuse me" coldly and distinctly, then again return to your plate. (See note)

3. Never smile at table.

4. Never speak above a whisper.

Notes. 1. It need hardly be observed that only in restaurants and public places would it be guilty of such a breach of good manners.

2. It is not required that a stranger should be looked at more than three times.

These mentions are subject more often than the
matter, the time, the hour, the time of day,
of the evening hours and records by which a
thorough investigation must necessarily place of
reference and letters and movements tactics habits.
The old all incorporated, selections and as they
elemental composition, "Gentle" "Innocent"
better. The good but bad "will" cover all, the
possessed and all much more ladylike (See note).

18. Never look at a nursekeeper or a Sunday.
a. If there are secretaries by the house take pains
to inform them at what hour service is held
and if they do not attend which part is service
at what hour, even then, then
b. Never have more kneeling kneeling to hills
more than at the house at the end of the table
with them.
c. Never let them know where you are, never
let them know where you are, never let them
know where you are, never let them know where you are.

19. It is necessary to know by more means
from the outside more consider their extraordinary,
their good, their good and their bad qualities.
Note (3) A lady is known by the moderation of her
conversations.

The more is often conscientiously carried out,
and the better is nothing of that conviction,
but more is more accustomed to them,
rather as if they were to be carried out with
a more than the better, but as then to
more and more to the better, but as then to



and watching the diligences come in bringing things
the pairs.

After a while, however, it cleared our fellow-travelers
made up their minds
to look to us and
we discovered
that the
place was
after all,
a beauti-
ful place.

That the
lake was
pleasant for
swimming, the woods

for walking in, and that the forest estate of
meadow land with its myrtles and red-necked
honeycreepers, a constant delight. The night was clear.
But we were now beginning to see it too and here
coming from Antwerp and after many struggles
with Gadeke and Hildebrand turned our faces north-
wards.

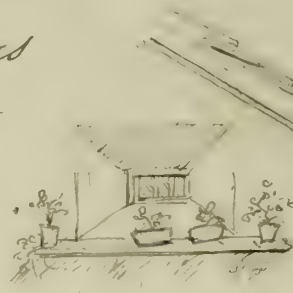


Over the Julian Pass.

(And peasant
girls with
soft blue
eyes
And hands
that offer
early flowers)

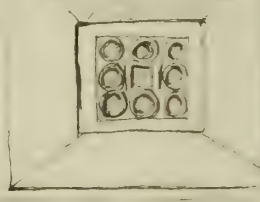
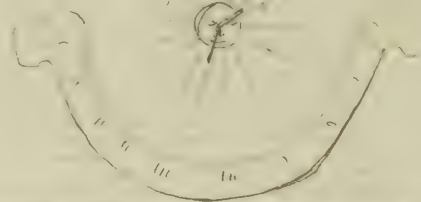


As we left Silva Plana
and commenced tramping
up the steep Julian road,
Polly behaved in a way
that made us chuck. One
of the Italian
long-makers
with pitch-
fork in
hand and
a scarlet
hand-
kerchief

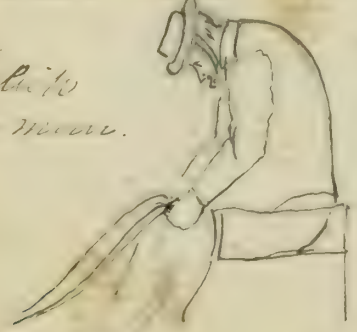


over her bronzed forehead
came bounding toward
us through the grass. "See,"
said the Chatterer, "she
must be fond of flowers
for she has a bunch in
her hand." And she

means them for me," added Polly, innocently. "How
nice! Yes she did mean them for Polly but no
longer were the flowers taken there a broad hand
one
style to
with me." was stretched palm upwards for
something besides a "Grazia." To
have tumbled through all Italy
and to have fired bouquets back
again out of our carriage or may
be we had taken there. Had we
come next to it or taken it? However, she was our



Line
dial.



152.
(The Artist encouraging
vanity by presenting
looking glass to the
headmost children)



last bit of Italy and we did not
grudge her a coin

Chur. (Coire)

At Chur we felt very
much at home at see-
ing the St. Salis coat of
arms on the doorway of
an old house. We thought
of calling on the family
but as all our best clothes were gone to Antwerp we
decided instead on going to the Cathedral.



Gürsch.

The only interesting thing in Gürsch was a kitten
who jumped from her roof on to our window-
sill and then
the table in



went to elude on
the sun.

At Coire the following
printed notice was
hung up in the dining
room.

"Place with your name in the
foreign book."



Bael

(Gaethons
gun Schiff.)

For Bael we found more to attract us. One side
of the Gaethons gun Schiff looked onto a narrow
street which the sanitary committee had not in-
structed for the last hundred years
and which, consequently, was very quaint
and pretty.

In accompanying
the portrait of a Bael
is a face which used to
look out from the tower of the old bridge and stick out its tongue
at Klein Bael. The machinery still works and the old
fellow now rolls his eyes and protrudes his tongue
in the manner.



Head is not
Burger but
look out from

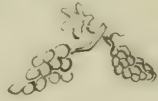


*Strasbourg.
Fairs at the Cathedral.*



Peter's Pence.

On the Rhine.



Carving
on a
choir pew.



At Lorch where we stayed
at the sign of the grape the
enthusiast distressed his
family very much by eat-
ing a mixture of mustard
and sugar on his pancakes.
Otherwise we
were happy at
Lorch for there
was a church
with quaint
tombstones and carving and
a queer old house built by
Kitter Kilbuck in 1548.

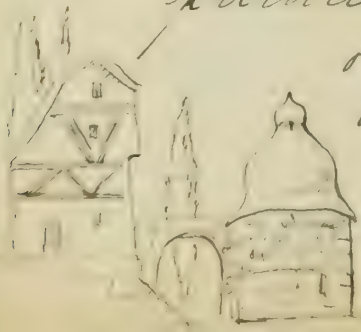
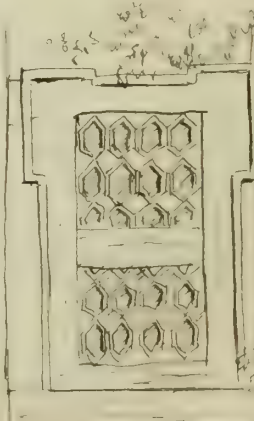


The village children were very sociable, almost
too sociable the artist thought when she tried
to sketch. A running fire of
comments would be kept up.

"Look, Marie, now she's drawing
windows." "And the donkey, the
sheep! it must be beautiful
to have a book and draw
pictures in it. But

one can draw
on pieces of
paper too." "What, you're going

to America? And when the time
comes 'raus 'hause 'hause 'hause?"





On the boat from
 Louh to Cologne
 was a waiter who
 pleased the Chake-
 rone immensely. On
 bringing her a
 cup of coffee and
 waiting to air his
 tongue he remarked
 kindly, "Coffee for Mees." The Chakerone thought
 he was a much cleaner waiter than the
 one at Terna who had called her "the Mamma".



(Peter
 with some
 of our
 hand luggage)

Cologne.

Polly, not having any frogs to watch, had more
 time to devote to the Cathedral.

The waiters were glad to see us at the Pariser
 Hof but missed the "smell of birds". On ordering
 Beefsteak, potatoes and
 Mostblümchen the little
 waiter boy spoke up,
 "That's just what you
 had a year ago!"

Auf la Chakelle.
 In the Cathedral at
 Aix we were shown



Charlemagne's
 throne. Putt on
 the step.

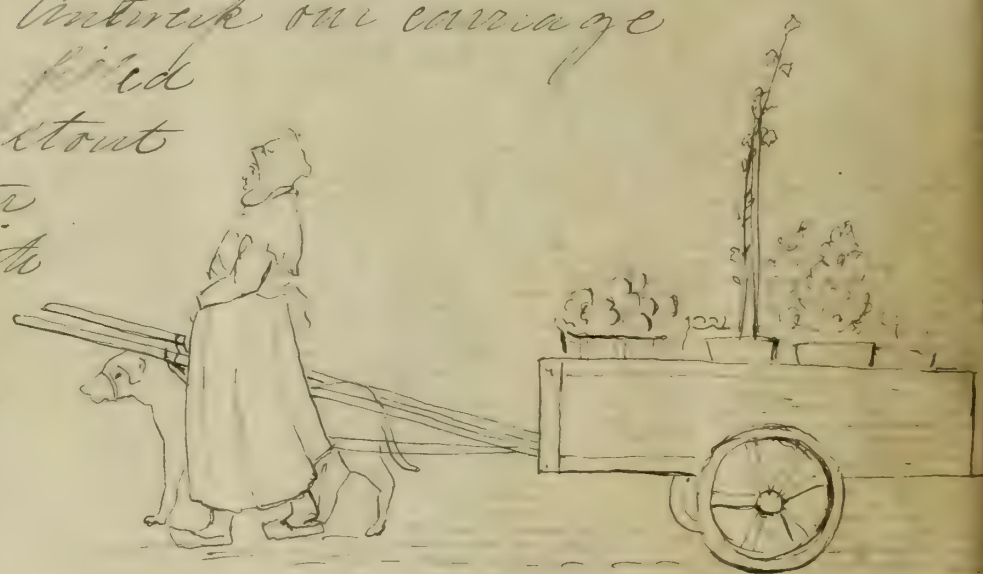
Chaulmagne's throne upon the stocks of which
the Dutch sat for a moment and felt very much
amused.



Belgium.

As we were nearing Antwerp our carriage
was surrounded by a party of stout
Belgians who after
staring at us with
round eyes went
glaciously to sleep.

After leaving the
Antwerp docks we
rushed into carts



(sometimes with a woman) the party decided
that on their return Roy's days of address
should cease.

... finishing three lines in the
the sketch of a steam-boat and brand, but the re-
mark of a bright little fellow of whom I was convinced the
marine subjects were not in his line. "Humana," he
said, printing in the outline of a steamship on the
first page of the journal. "Humana, do you not think
it strange that so fine an artist should draw a
steamship and forget to put the smoke-stack in?"

